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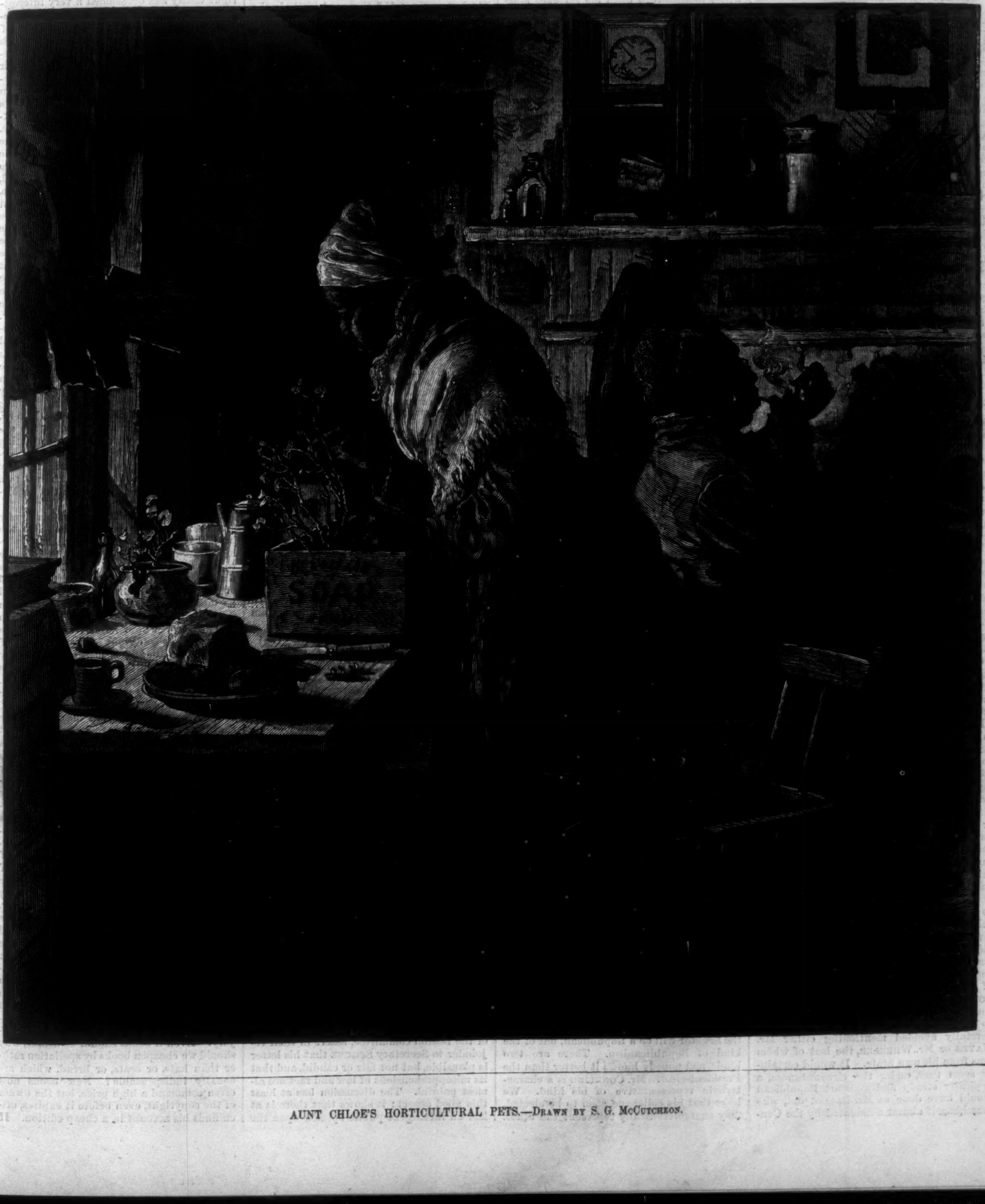


AUNT CHLOE'S HORTICULTURAL PETS.—Drawn by S. G. McCutcheon.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, January 15, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 62 of Harper's Young People, *issued January 4, contains "Mr. Chalker's Ruse," or School on the Pond, illustrated; "John's 'Camel-Bird,'" by* Louise Stockton; *"The Lost Standard," a heroic poem for school declamation; Chapter Four of "Toby Tyler," describing his first day's experience with the circus, illustrated; "The Young Esquimaux," or how to build a snow house, by* W. O. Stoddard; *"Captain Weatherby's Fur Cap," a Russian story, by* David Ker; *Chapter Four of "Mildred's Bargain," illustrated; "That Small Piecee Boy from China," a very funny poem, by* Mrs. Lizzie Champney, *with two illustrations; besides Games, Puzzles, Poems, Comic Pictures, and a full Post-office Box, in which is a long letter descriptive of a visit of a children's art class to the office of* Young People.

PARTY LOYALTY.

THE Troy *Times*, which is an unconditional supporter of Senator Conkling, although it admits that, being human, he may be fallible, recently discusses the question of the Senatorial election in New York. It thinks that the debate was begun prematurely, and that it has been prosecuted with unseemly personal acrimony. In the judgment of the Troy *Times*, the decision should not depend upon the consideration of approval of Mr. Conkling's political course and character, but solely upon fidelity to Republican principles. Unfortunately, however, the critic immediately deserts his own ground, and begins and ends the discussion with Mr. Conkling, and in this way: Premising that the Senator is the greatest of our living statesmen, it proceeds to assert that he is also an unswerving and zealous Republican, despising "deputy Democrats" and independence of every kind, and that to agree with him is to be a sound Republican. The Troy *Times* then proceeds to argue that, Mr. Conkling being this kind of Republican, any one who is worthy to be a Republican Senator must be necessarily in accord with him, because that is "to be simply and wholly Republican." Now, as there is no more doubt of the sincerity and completeness of the Republicanism of Mr. Wheeler, or of Mr. Rogers, or of Mr. Depew, for instance, than of Senator Conkling's, and as any one of these gentlemen is quite as worthy as he of being Senator, it follows from this reasoning that they are in accord with him, and that he and all his friends would as cordially support any of them as Mr. Platt, or Mr. Crowley, or Mr. Morton. Is that the meaning of the Troy *Times*, or does it mean that, Mr. Conkling being in its estimation the soundest of Republicans, any gentleman whom he may indicate is a good enough Republican for the Legislature to elect? Or does it mean to imply that opposition to Mr. Conkling's political methods is a sign of that want of accord which shows the Republicanism of the opponent to be unsound? However this may be, the assertion of the Troy *Times* that Mr. Conkling is a type of the faithful Republican party man is a challenge to contemplate his career as conspicuously illustrating party fidelity. He is praised for not being "half-and-half," but "steady and stalwart all the time." We accept the courteous invitation of the *Times*, which says, "Let us reason together" upon this point.

It is merely a question of fact. We do not deny the right to others, which we exercise ourselves, of party independence. If a Republican thinks that the interest of the country and the welfare of his party require him to decline to support a party measure or a party nomination, he should follow his own conscience, and take all the risks. But the assertion we are considering is that Mr. Conkling neither approves nor practices this independence, but is always foremost and most earnest in discharging recognized party duties, not allowing personal feeling to interfere with his cordial support of all things Republican. Let us, then, look at a few facts. In 1876 Mr. Conkling was a candidate for the Presidential nomination. He was defeated in the Convention. Mr. Hayes and Mr. Wheeler were placed at the head of the ticket. During the campaign Mr. Conkling made one speech. It was said that he was ill, and we have no disposition to doubt it. But in that one speech he carefully avoided mentioning either Mr. Hayes or Mr. Wheeler, the last of whom was from his own State. It would certainly seem that, under the circumstances, a typically steady and stalwart Republican would have done as Mr. Blaine did, who was himself almost nominated by the Convention, but who was nevertheless perfectly able to mention the successful candidates in the vigorous campaign that succeeded. During the long electoral dispute that followed the election, Mr. Conkling was silent, except to make at the close an excellent speech in favor of the Electoral Bill. But when the vote upon the Louisiana case was taken in the Senate, and the defeat of the report of the Commission would have prevented the election of Mr. Hayes, Senator Conkling dodged the vote. Had the result depended upon his vote, his dodging would have defeated the party, and have given the administration to the Democrats. Such evasion was at least singular for "a Republican all the time and always." When Mr. Hayes became President, Mr. Conkling preferred Mr. Thomas C. Platt, of all the Republicans in New York, as the New York member of the cabinet. President Hayes preferred Mr. Evarts. From that moment to this, publicly and privately, with every form of innuendo, sneer, and contempt, Mr. Conkling has sought to embarrass and cover with ridicule the Republican Administration. Is that the conduct of a typically loyal and steady Republican, or of a politician whose politics turn upon his personal aims and angry feelings? We venture to say that if any eminent Republican in New York except Mr. Conkling had, under such circumstances, steadily pursued a Republican national Administration with all the contumely he could command, the Troy *Times* would have stigmatized him unequivocally as "a malignant sorehead," and would not have praised him as a model Republican yielding everything for party harmony and success. Again, last spring Mr. Conkling endeavored in the State Convention to stifle the voice of Republican districts that differed from him. He was unsuccessful; and in the National Convention he was again emphatically defeated, as he had been defeated in the Convention of 1876, and the party significantly reproved his action at Utica. Mr. Conkling held aloof from the campaign until it was tolerably plain that the country desired no change of party administration. Then he spoke in New York, and subsequently to a serenading club in Albany, with ostentatious indifference to the Presidential candidate, with thinly veiled regret at his nomination, and, in Albany, with plain innuendoes of treachery against associate delegates in the Convention. All this does not indicate a frenzy of party loyalty.

We submit that a Republican, of whose party course during the last four or five years the facts mentioned by us are illustrations, is not in a position, either by himself or by his friends, to lecture other Republicans upon their party duty, nor is his conduct to be erected into a standard of unswerving party loyalty. We are not sure that the Troy *Times* itself has not implied that independents and scratchers are deserving of party excommunication. But which is the worse party offense, frankly to decline to support a candidate for general or party reasons, or, when he is elected, to endeavor by every means to discredit his administration, and thereby to weaken and defeat the party? If the New York Republicans who declined to vote for Mr. Cornell—and there were at least twenty thousand of them—had treated his administration as Mr. Conkling has treated the administration of Mr. Hayes, whom as a candidate he supported at least by implication, they would have been denounced as Pharisaic and tepid Republicans more loudly than ever. But how is the one course better than the other? How is it half-hearted Republicanism to be cool toward the election of a Republican Governor, and the height of Republican fidelity to be uniformly hostile to a Republican President? Had that President or the Administration betrayed the party or its principles, as Andrew Johnson did, there would have been ample justification for hostility. But it is the Administration which Mr. Conkling has ridiculed in the most "steady and stalwart" manner which, more than any one consideration, has secured the great and unequivocal Republican victory at the late election. When Mr. Conkling and his counsels were supreme, the Republican party was well-nigh overthrown. It is for Republicans to decide whether, had he succeeded in introducing Mr. Platt into the cabinet, and with him the politics and tendencies which that gentleman represents, it would have been a greater advantage to the party and to the country than the cabinet of President Hayes and the character of his administration. Meanwhile the question of the Senatorship is not of Republicanism, because in any case the Senator will be a Republican, but of the kind of Republicanism. There are two kinds, and nobody knows it better than the President-elect. Mr. Conkling is a characteristic representative of his kind. We hope that his colleague, soon to be elected, may characteristically represent the other. Then we can rejoice with our excellent friend the Troy *Times* that the Senatorial representation of the party is, as the philosophers say, full-orbed.

THE PONCA QUESTION.

In another column will be found a letter from "H. H." traversing some statements recently made by Secretary Schurz in regard to the Poncas. In alluding to the letter of the Secretary, we said that the removal of the Poncas took place before Mr. Schurz entered upon his official duties. This was inexact. The statement of the Secretary is as follows:

> "From this recital of facts, taken from the official records in this department, it appears that all the legislation which brought about the removal of the Poncas and the initiatory steps taken to this end occurred before the present administration came into power; that the Indian Office had first recommended their removal to the Omaha Reservation, upon which no action was taken, while Congress did provide for their removal to the Indian Territory. The removal itself, in pursuance of the law quoted, was effected a very short time after I took charge of my present position, when, I will frankly admit, I was still compelled to give my whole attention to the formidable task of acquainting myself with the vast and complicated machinery of the Interior Department."

The letter of "H. H." disregards entirely the acknowledgment of the Secretary that he afterward ascertained the consent of the Poncas to be only alleged. Upon this point he says:

> "The details of the case did not come clearly to my knowledge until the Ponca chiefs arrived in Washington [in the fall of 1877], and told their story. I concluded that they had suffered great hardship in losing the reservation originally conferred upon them by treaty, after a so-called consent which appeared not to have been a free expression of their will. They had also endured many disasters on their way to the Indian Territory; and after their arrival there were greatly afflicted by disease, and lost a large number of their people by death. Then the question of redress presented itself. They requested permission to return to Dakota. This request was denied, not without very careful consideration. The Sioux had in the mean time been removed to the Missouri River, and occupied that part of their reservation which included the Ponca lands."

As to the probability of trouble with the Sioux, the Secretary says:

> "To return the Poncas to these lands under such circumstances seemed a dangerous experiment, not only on their account, but also because the temper of the Sioux at that period appeared still very critical, and it was believed that the slightest irritation might lead to another outbreak of that tribe, the most powerful of all the Indian nations. Indeed, military officers predicted that another and a larger Sioux war was threatening, and that any untoward occurrence might bring it about. In the consultation had upon that subject the late Mr. William Walsh, of Philadelphia, one of the sincerest, warmest, and also most experienced friends the Indians ever had, took an active part, and, with his concurrence, the conclusion was arrived at that, under these difficult circumstances, the return of the Poncas to Dakota would be too dangerous a venture, and that it would be best to propose to the Poncas a selection of lands in the Indian Territory, which they might choose themselves. This they consented to do. Had we then proposed to Congress the return of the Poncas, and obtained authority and money for that purpose, and a new Indian war had ensued, which was not only possible, but, from the information we received from that quarter, appeared probable, the folly of such a step would have been more seriously and more generally condemned than all the wrongs done to the Poncas are now."

That Secretary Schurz could have had any malignant desire to persecute the Poncas is absurd, but that a great wrong had been committed, in part of which he had unconsciously participated, he does not deny. In his letter to Governor Long he quotes from his annual reports, and from those of the Commissioner on Indian Affairs, and adds:

> "You will admit that the language employed in those reports with regard to the wrong done to the Poncas could not have been stronger; there was nothing concealed or passed over. Three years ago, therefore, the matter was fully 'unearthed,' and reparation demanded, and it was done by this department. But Congress took no notice of it. If the reparation to the Poncas proposed in the bill submitted to Congress was not satisfactory, then there was a full opportunity for Congress to amend that bill, and to act upon its own judgment. If the Poncas had any real friends in Congress, those friends had, ever since 1877, sufficient knowledge furnished them by me upon which to speak and to act. But session after session passed, this department again and again called attention to the matter, and Congress said nothing and did nothing except to appropriate money for the support of the Poncas. Had Congress directed this department to do this or that, there would have been no hesitation in executing the law."

In reply to the accusation that he did nothing to undo the mischief, the Secretary says:

> "It is said that had I recommended to Congress an appropriation for their return to Dakota, it would have been granted. But an appropriation was recommended by this department for the purpose of indemnifying them in another way, and Congress, with a full knowledge of the facts spread by me before them, might have amended that bill had it been so minded. Yet the matter received no notice at all. The reason why I recommended that the Poncas be indemnified upon the lands they then occupied, and why I thought it wise that it should at least be tried whether they could not be made comfortable and contented there, are stated above."

Governor Long and Secretary Lincoln, of the Boston committee, assert in their rejoinder to Secretary Schurz that his letter is plausible, but not fair or candid, and that its misapprehensions of law and fact are almost painful. The discussion has at least this good aspect: it shows that there is at last an intelligent public opinion upon the Indian question. But it is none the less curious that it should show itself in a controversy with a Secretary who is wholly free from the suspicions which have sometimes hung around the Interior Department, and who can not be accused of deliberate foul play toward the Indians. President Hayes has wisely requested Generals Crook and Miles—two military officers who are singularly fitted by sympathy and intelligence—and two civilians, to visit the Poncas and ascertain their wishes, and to report what course ought, in their judgment, to be pursued. Meanwhile both the Poncas and the Sioux are speaking for themselves in Washington, and their words and the replies of the government are closely watched. This is as it should be. It is the satisfactory guarantee that every just step will be taken to right the wrong, and that among the other good services of this Administration will be that of furnishing a wise and humane precedent in the treatment of the Indian question.

THE ETHICS OF COPYRIGHT.

The proposition of an international copyright treaty has occasioned a very interesting discussion. Mr. Grant Allen contributes a striking article upon the "Ethics of Copyright" to *Macmillan's Magazine*, which is a clear and cogent statement of the doctrine that the property right of an author in the work that he creates is really as unquestionable as that of the bootmaker in the boots that he makes. The writer points out, however, that when Professors Huxley and Tyndall, Mr. Spencer, or Messrs. Longman, Blackwood, and Macmillan, the publishers, endeavored to speak upon the abstract question of author's right before the English Copyright Commission of 1876, they were heard with polite indifference, like dull preachers. It was evident that the Commission was wholly intent upon the public interest, and cared nothing for the author's right. But Mr. Allen recalls the discussion to that point, and denies the justice of Lord Macaulay's assertion that property is created and apportioned by the law for the common good. Property, as he asserts, is the product of labor. All the law in the world can not produce property. Its function is merely to guarantee and protect it. Lord Macaulay's theory of legal apportionment of property for the public good is, he says, simply communism. The whole value of a book lies in its written contents; whatever worth it has is purely and entirely the author's creation. It is as much his as a loaf of bread is the baker's. But because the form of property the author has created is less tangible, consisting of a certain set of words arranged in a certain order, which any one can readily copy in type, the law limits the right in it to a term of years. This is the result of considering the public interest only.

Now a man works to support his family and to leave them comfortable. But the present copyright laws, says Mr. Allen, permit strangers instead of the author's family to reap the benefit of his labors. He quotes the cases of Wordsworth and Scott, and of Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose heirs, had he died ten years since, would have been probably deprived of the least benefit from the property which he has created. The doctrine that copyright is not a subject of property at all, and is merely a monopoly granted to the author for special reasons, is opposed to the common sentiment of justice. Why, asks Mr. Allen, trenchantly, does the law give the author an exclusive right of sale for some years? Why does it not give that right to some other person? It is not from any consideration of public utility. It is from an instinctive recognition of his natural right in it, which legislation only confirms and guarantees, and unfortunately limits at the same time. But a literary work, holds Mr. Allen, is especially property, because its value lies wholly in the ideas and in the form in which they are expressed. Why should any other person be permitted to take possession of the product of the author's labor, and make money out of it without laboring at all? Let a man write poems to rival Mr. Tennyson's; but why should he be allowed to appropriate Mr. Tennyson's, to the exclusion of the poet's own family? "The family of Milton and of Locke deserve as much from us as the family of Marlborough." But the former could derive no benefit from their ancestors' labors. The latter receive a pension of £4000 forever. Looking at the question of public policy, Mr. Allen contends that it is at least questionable whether permanent copyright would work any public injury. Even if books should be dearer, why should we cheapen books by spoliation rather than hats, or coats, or bread, which are equally indispensable? New books now often command a high price, but the owner of the copyright, even before it expires, often finds his account in a cheap edition. If old and new books were equally copyrighted, the natural competition of trade would bring them to a fair level.

As for possible abuses, if it be a pity that SHAKESPEARE'S copyright should be privately owned, it is not so great a pity as that a historical abbey or a beautiful water-fall should be so owned. Lord MACAULAY said that a High-Churchman might become the owner of the *Pilgrim's Progress.* Yes; and an ideally wealthy land-owner might buy up Middlesex, and turn London into a pasture. To correct such evils we may securely depend upon government. But there is one way in which books could be cheapened by changing the copyright laws; that is, by universal international copyright and perpetuity of copyright; and Mr. ALLEN therefore approves the proposed treaty, which at least extends the author's copyright, and therefore advances good literature by enabling the author to work more efficiently. The brevity of copyright is a premium upon *ad captandum* production, but it is unfavorable to the composition of the higher kind of books, which must wait longer for returns. Mr. ALLEN'S article is written with such simplicity, good-nature, and clear comprehension that it is a very valuable contribution to the discussion. He says that the English refusal of common-law right of property in literary works led to the American law, and that England has herself to thank in part for the cause of her complaints. It is very doubtful whether the doctrine of Mr. ALLEN will become the basis of legislation upon the subject. But there is no doubt that, as he says, all existing legislation concedes a certain property right in the author.

THE DEMOCRATIC CREED.

IT is not surprising that intelligent and patriotic Democrats in New York should wish to reorganize their party. In the political situation of to-day, and despite Senator WALLACE'S brief treatise upon the mission of the Democratic party, that party is merely an organization to which men adhere from the force of association and tradition, but which represents no common principle, and advocates no common policy. The assertion by several hundred Democrats, in any city or county, that the Democratic party desires this or that, is interesting as showing to what kind of party the several hundred gentlemen would like to belong, or what they would like to have the Democratic party attempt to do. But that is its sole significance. The recent manifesto or call of the meeting in New York sets forth the party faith. But every one who is familiar with the facts will challenge it.

The call says: "The Democratic party believes in the preservation of the right of local self-government, and is opposed to the undue centralization of power." But it is in distinctively Democratic districts in the Southern States that the right of local self-government is destroyed by open fraud and violence without Democratic protest or relief; and it is a Democratic bill in Congress, sustained by Democrats, which proposes the absolute and unprecedented centralization in one House of Congress of the power to elect a President. The call further says that the Democratic party "believes in hard money and free ships." But it is allied with the soft-money men in Maine and Indiana, and the main support of the soft-money measures in Congress has been Democratic votes. As for free ships, if the party wishes them, why has not a Democratic Congress legalized them? Finally, the call asserts that the Democratic party "demands a thorough reform in the tariff laws and in the civil service." The Democratic party has been in complete control of Congress for two years. How has it reformed the tariff laws, and where, that it has had the power, has it done anything to reform the civil service? We have gladly welcomed as excellent signs the recent advocacy of reform by leading Democratic papers, and the introduction of Senator PENDLETON'S bill, and that of Mr. WILLIS. But the Democratic party, as such, no more demands the reform than the Republican party. There are members of both parties who sincerely desire it, but all that has been accomplished—and it is much—has been the work of Republican administration.

The late call, therefore, so far as it asserts these things to be the faith of the Democratic party, and virtually urges those who desire them to join that party, is entirely deceptive. Until the Democratic party changes its conduct in the Southern States, the right of local self-government will be destroyed; and so long as it maintains its present attitude in Congress, there will be imminent danger of undue centralization of power, hard money will be in peril, and reform in the tariff laws will be indefinitely postponed. Upon the three great questions before the country to-day—a free vote and a fair count, a stable and honest financial policy, and appointment to inferior office by proved merit independent of party considerations—we doubt if any of the intelligent Democrats who signed the recent call would deliberately assert that the position of the Democratic party is stronger or more promising than that of the Republican party. Certainly at the late election it would have been remarkable if any man who really desired more fully to protect the rights of every voter, to restrict the settlement of State disputes over the Presidential election to the States themselves, to maintain the hard-money policy, or to secure reform in the tariff laws and in the civil service, had voted, for these reasons, in favor of the Democratic and against the Republican candidate. We shall watch with great interest the growth of these tender alien grafts and buds upon the gnarled old stock where it is hoped to set them.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

THE death of Dr. CHAPIN takes away one of the generous, hearty, healthy characters which subdue and charm all who come in contact with them, and with which it is impossible to associate any kind of hostility or ill-will. The first impression which he made was that of an exuberant vitality, an overflowing sympathy and intelligence, a natural rectitude and sweetness of soul, which in private intercourse took the most genial and humorous expression, and in public discourse rose into rich and powerful eloquence. He was in the highest and best sense thoroughly human, and this gave him the command of the popular heart that made him for so long a time one of the most attractive of preachers and orators.

With his immense vital power, Dr. CHAPIN worked immensely. He overworked. Doubtless he felt, as it seemed to others, that the fountain of force was exhaustless. He did not spare himself. A few years ago he was lecturing every winter evening all over the country, taking great journeys, with all their necessary exposure and drain of the system; hurrying home to discharge his pastoral duty, and to prepare and preach sermons which he knew that strangers tarrying in the city would crowd to hear. His old associates on the lecture platform will never forget his cordial greeting in the car, as he looked up from the last new book in theology, or philosophy, or science, or fiction, one hand resting upon the travelling-bag distended with the latest reviews and magazines, American and European, while the other grasped the new-comer, and drew him to a seat, and to the flood of merry, shrewd, kind, humane conversation that followed.

Dr. CHAPIN had the most hospitable and the most independent mind. He heard with quick appreciation and attention every new and strange and wild and startling doctrine. He was in full accord with every humane and progressive endeavor. He was no more afraid to hear an outlandish and visionary theory than to speak with a shabby and outlandish man. But he kept the tranquil balance of his soul and the even tenor of his way. He was an antislavery man and a temperance man, and a friend and co-worker in all the good causes, but he was never fanatical or one-ideaed in the offensive sense, while every word he spoke, like every throb of his heart, was a great blow for the progress of society and the emancipation of the human mind. The most conspicuous clergyman and orator of a religious denomination, he was absolutely unsectarian. Indeed, everything he thought and believed was fused in the ocean of his heart. It is not the universal reader, the trenchant orator, the inspiring preacher, the friendly pastor, the faithful reformer, the charitable leader, that we remember in recalling Dr. CHAPIN: it is the good man, the sound, noble, manly nature, of which all these were but characteristic aspects, the heaven-looking trust and unfailing sense of duty, which are themselves the surest intimations and the most persuasive pleas of immortality.

A POLITICAL TRIUMVIRATE.

THE President has signed a bill introduced by Mr. CHITTENDEN, authorizing the erection of a statue of WASHINGTON on the front of the Sub-Treasury Building. The work is to be of bronze, and it will be completed within five years, and the money is all subscribed. There are several American sculptors who would make a worthy statue of WASHINGTON, and the memorial of him which is placed upon the spot where he took the oath as first President of the United States should be the best that can now be moulded.

WASHINGTON'S aide in the war, and confidential friend in the administration, HAMILTON, has just been commemorated by the statue in the Central Park given to the city by his son. It is to be regretted that the city had not chosen to honor by a statue the greatest of its adopted sons. But filial duty has supplied the omission. The oration delivered upon the occasion by Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW was an admirable discourse, which told the story of HAMILTON'S career with signal skill and felicity, and refreshed in the public mind the sense of gratitude to a great man. HAMILTON has been praised by many famous men. Mr. DEPEW recalls TALLEYRAND'S words. But there is no more significant tribute than that of MARTIN VAN BUREN, who was trained in an adverse political school, and who says that HAMILTON by pure intellectual force imposed upon the Constitution a meaning which it was intended not to bear.

There is another statue which New York ought to raise—that of JOHN JAY. He was born in the city. He was the author of the first Constitution of the State. With HAMILTON and MADISON, he wrote the *Federalist.* He was the first Chief Justice of the United States, and the second Governor of New York. He was the warm friend of WASHINGTON and HAMILTON. He was, besides, a type of republican virtue. As upright as he was able, of the strongest political convictions, he scorned the petty tricks and intrigues of party, and his character and example smite our mercenary politics like a purifying flame. There is no loftier or nobler figure in the history of New York. None deserves more permanent commemoration.

SECRETARY SHERMAN'S TESTIMONY.

SECRETARY SHERMAN is not a reformer in the usual sense, but in his late report he says something which has great weight as the testimony of an able and experienced public officer to the value of training in the civil service:

> "During the last twenty years the business of this department has been greatly increased, and its efficiency and stability greatly improved. This improvement is due to the continuance during that period of the same general policy, and the consequent absence of sweeping changes in the public service; to the fostering of merit by the retention and promotion of trained and capable men; and to the growth of the wholesome conviction in all quarters that training, no less than intelligence, is indispensable to good service. Great harm would come to the public interests should the fruits of this experience be lost, by whatever means the loss occurred. To protect not only the public service, but the people, from such a disaster, the Secretary renews the recommendation made in a former report, that provision be made for a tenure of office for a fixed period, for removal only for cause, and for some increase of pay for long and faithful service."

THE IRISH STATE TRIALS.

THE trial of the leaders of the Land League in Ireland has begun, and is a trial of not less importance than that of O'CONNELL. Those who would read the most recent, the most interesting, and the most intelligent of the accounts of that famous trial and the epoch of 1842–48, and of "Young Ireland," should read the striking work of Sir CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY, just republished by the APPLETONS. PARNELL is not O'CONNELL, but the *Spectator* says that he is more powerful than O'CONNELL was. And his movement seems to be the best organized and the most effective of all the Irish efforts.

A fellow Irish Member of Parliament, Mr. J. P. O'CONOR, maintains that the Land League has saved a great deal of suffering to Ireland, and that it has done nothing unconstitutional. O'CONNELL used to say that a peaceful assembly of a hundred thousand men to demand repeal was not unconstitutional, but that the attempted forcible suppression of such an assembly was unconstitutional, and ought to be resisted. But when the time for resistance arrived, at Clontarf, O'CONNELL yielded. PARNELL insists that to exhort tenants not to pay a rent which they can not afford, and not to take farms from which other tenants for such non-payment have been evicted, is not unconstitutional. Meanwhile he and his friends allege that breaches of the peace steadily diminish in number.

Of course the failure of the prosecutions would be a great victory for the agitation, and there are those who believe that the consequent Irish exultation would necessarily produce outbreaks, in which Irishmen would be shot, military law would be proclaimed, and this Irish movement end, like all the others, in more blood and misery and despair. But we hope to see the GLADSTONE Administration present a bill so just toward Ireland that all excuse for the Land League agitation will disappear, and so reasonable that intelligent English conservatism will sustain it. Meanwhile we remind our readers that the subject is well worth their attention.

A LETTER FROM H. H.

To the Editor:

IN your remarks upon "Secretary SCHURZ and the Poncas" in your issue of January 1, 1881, are three serious misstatements of fact, which I would like to correct.

I. The writer says:

"Secretary SCHURZ inherited a very grave difficulty. The old policy of careless wrong toward the Indians had ceded the Ponca Reserve to the Sioux in 1868. The Poncas had been removed."

The Poncas had *not* been removed when Secretary SCHURZ took charge of the Interior Department. They were not removed until two months and a half after that time. They were removed by and in consequence of Secretary SCHURZ'S express and reiterated orders, and these orders were given by him in the face of and in spite of remonstrances from various sources—from eight of the Ponca chiefs; from the missionaries of the Yankton and Santee agencies; from a Mr. TREHOR, a lawyer of good standing in Niobrara, who went to Washington, and presented the evidence in person; and from Mr. WESTERMAN, a Western merchant of high standing, who both wrote and telegraphed to Secretary SCHURZ setting forth the great wrong and cruelty of the proceeding.

The facts, letters, dispatches, statements, contracts, in regard to this removal of these Indians, are all to be read in the report of the Senate committee that investigated the case last winter. There is not a shadow of discrepancy between them. The Poncas were removed under Secretary SCHURZ'S orders, and in spite of the protests both of the Indians themselves and of white men who were their friends.

II. The writer says that the removal took place "after an alleged consent on their part."

The testimony before the Senate committee proved not only that this "alleged consent" was known by the government authorities not to be genuine or complete, but that it was deemed necessary to send troops to enforce the order for the removal.

III. The writer says that one reason for not allowing the Poncas to return to their old reservation was that it would necessitate the "dispossession of the Sioux," and "open the possibility of a Sioux war."

The fact is that the Sioux utterly refused to occupy the reservation, saying that it belonged to the Poncas, and they would not have it. The RED CLOUD and SPOTTED TAIL bands did most reluctantly consent to go there for a few months in the first winter; but only after being told that their supplies had already been sent out, to be delivered to them there, and it was too late to change. On a written pledge that they should be returned to White Clay Creek in the spring, they consented to go; and the record of their return is entered in the official reports of the Indian Bureau as follows:

"The Indians were found to be quite determined to move westward, and the promise of the government in that respect was faithfully kept."

From that day to this the Sioux have not occupied the old Ponca Reserve, and say they never will. They are now friendly to the Poncas; and the Sioux chief RED CLOUD most gladly consented to do all in his power to assist the attorneys for the Poncas in bringing suits for the recovery of their lands, which had been so unjustly ceded to his tribe. H. H.

[We quote elsewhere Secretary SCHURZ'S own statement of his views.]

PERSONAL.

JUDGE LEVI PARSONS, who has just given $50,000 to Union College for the foundation of thirteen scholarships, is a gentleman well known in Wall Street and at the Union Club. He is a connoisseur in art, and possesses some of the finest specimens of China in this country. A wealthy man when he returned to this State from California, he has within the past few years added largely to his fortune by successful operations in stocks. The interest of the $50,000 only is to be used for the support of scholarships, two of which are to be of the value of $300 each, three of $200, and eight of $150. The residue is be devoted to the assistance of worthy students of Union College who may need and deserve aid in the prosecution of their studies.

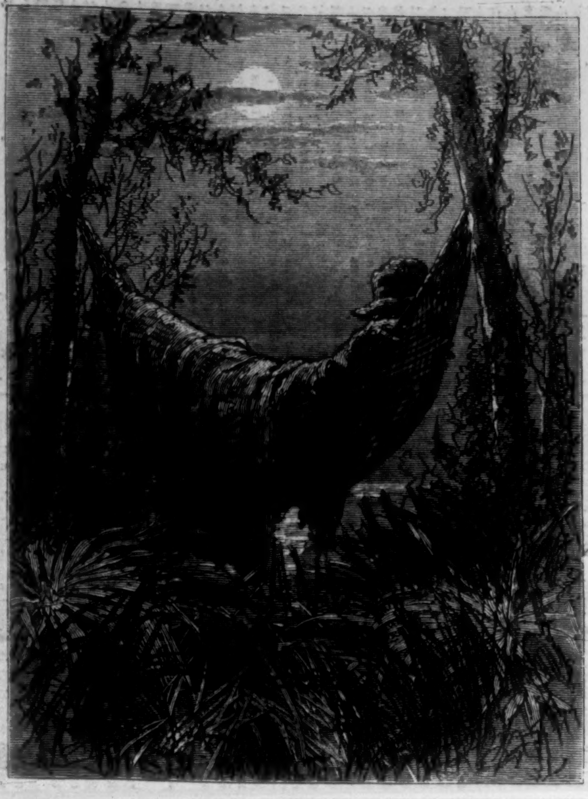
—Young Lord LYMINGTON, who was a guest at the late annual festival of the New England Society, and made a brief speech on the occasion, is the son of the Earl of Portsmouth, and is looked upon as one of the most prominent of young English Liberals. He took high rank at Oxford, where he was president of the Union Debating Society, whose new edifice arose under his auspices, and the opening of which was attended by several cabinet ministers. He is, moreover, a man of literary ability, and an occasional contributor to the *Nineteenth Century.*

—Congressman COX was quite right the other day in his neat reply to Hon. WILLIAM D. KELLEY, of Philadelphia, the "Father of the House." Said he, "Well, judge, you are re-elected, and probably will be for life." The judge replied, "I told my people I was a candidate for life, barring lunacy or paralysis." "Your exception was too broad," said COX; "lunacy is no disqualification for a seat in Congress."

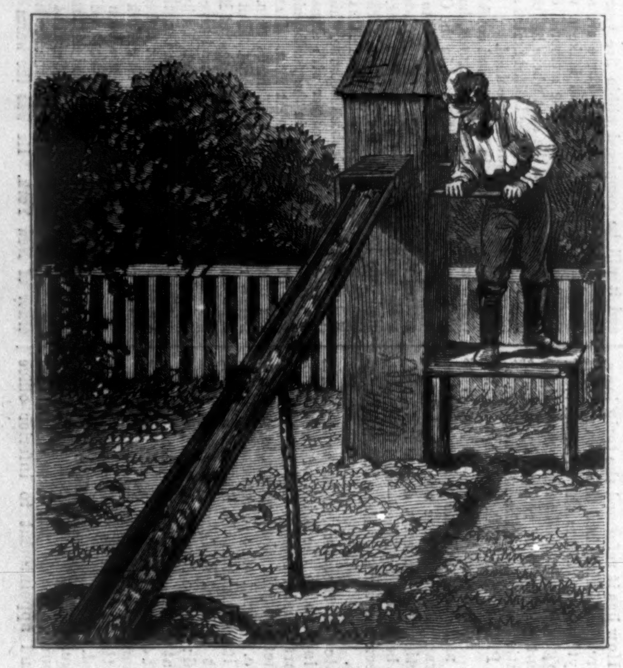
—Ten thousand copies of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S *Endymion* were sold in London on the day of publication. This was a large sale, but it was surpassed by that of Dr. SAMUEL SMILES'S *Duty,* of which the public bought fifteen thousand copies on the day it was issued. The work is quite as popular in this country, where it is published by the HARPERS, as it is in England.

—A very interesting theatrical event took place in London a few days ago—the successful début of DOT, the son of DION BOUCICAULT, and EVA, the daughter of E. A. SOTHERN. Mr. LABOUCHERE, in *Truth,* thus alludes to it: "Before they had got through the play, they had won approbation on their own merits. In the piece they are brother and sister, and both looked so young that it had a wondrously pretty air to see them play a boy and a girl. Mr. DOT entered thoroughly into his part. In the scene with the aristocratic father, whose son has married Miss EVA, and whom he declines to recognize as his daughter-in-law, he took the house by storm, so natural was his pathos, and his burst of indignation at the worldly motives which actuate the patrician. His humor, too, was thoroughly genuine, and yet so boyish was he that there was not a trace of study or an atom of exaggeration in his acting. Miss EVA SOTHERN has the advantage of being exceedingly pretty, and is, moreover, endowed by nature with a sympathetic voice. She, too, acted so naturally that the audience fell in love with her—at least, I presume, to judge by my feelings, that they did. As the two stood together they formed so charming a picture that in these days of pretense, high art, clap-trap, and angularity, it was a positive treat to look at them."

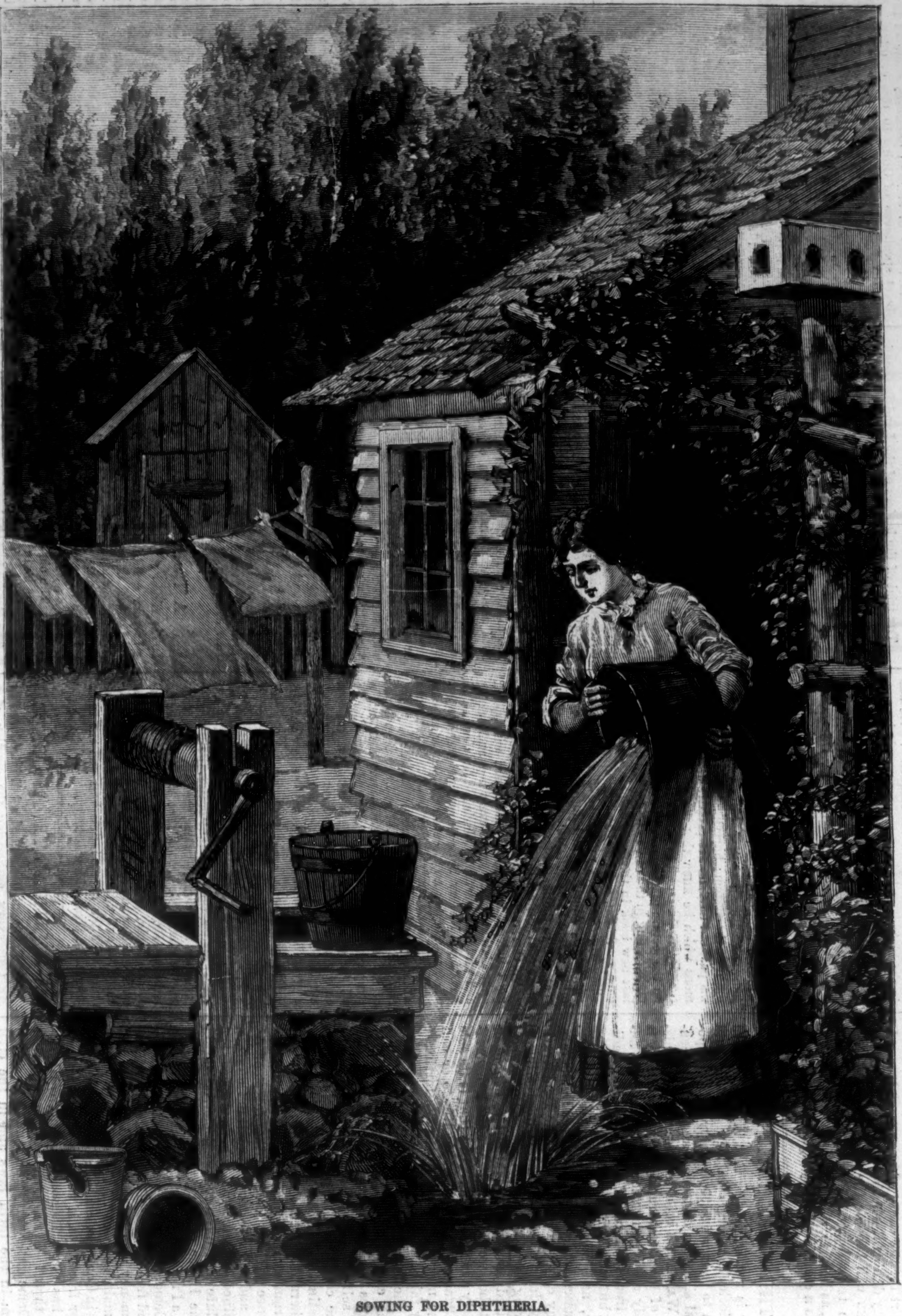
—According to Colonel McCLURE, of the Philadelphia *Times,* JEFFERSON DAVIS is not the misanthropic, unhappy man which many people of the North have supposed him to be. "I expected to find in him," says Colonel McCLURE, "the strongly marked traces of a grievously disappointed life, and a severe civility and studied reticence in discussing all things of the past.... He is not the broken invalid that he is generally regarded. His yet abundant locks and full beard are deeply silvered, and his face and frame are spare, as they always have been, but his step is elastic, and the hard lines of his brow, which are conspicuous in his pictures, are at once effaced when he enters into conversation. Instead of impressing the visitor as a political recluse, he at once invites the freedom of the planter's home by chatting without reserve, save when his contemporaries are likely to be criticised, when he adroitly and pleasantly turns the discussion into inoffensive channels." In alluding to those associated with Mr. DAVIS in the Confederate government, Colonel McCLURE says: "His Vice-President, who followed the slave empire off, when darkness and doubt gathered about it, made haste to scramble over the ruins of the Confederacy, and regain the seat in Washington from which he seceded with DAVIS to aid in guiding the rebellion. Two of his unnoted warriors have sat in the Republican cabinet; LEE'S ablest lieutenant is the Republican Minister to Turkey; the man who marched the first regiment of volunteers to Charleston, and served as a Confederate Senator until Appomattox became historic, died as the Republican Minister to Russia."



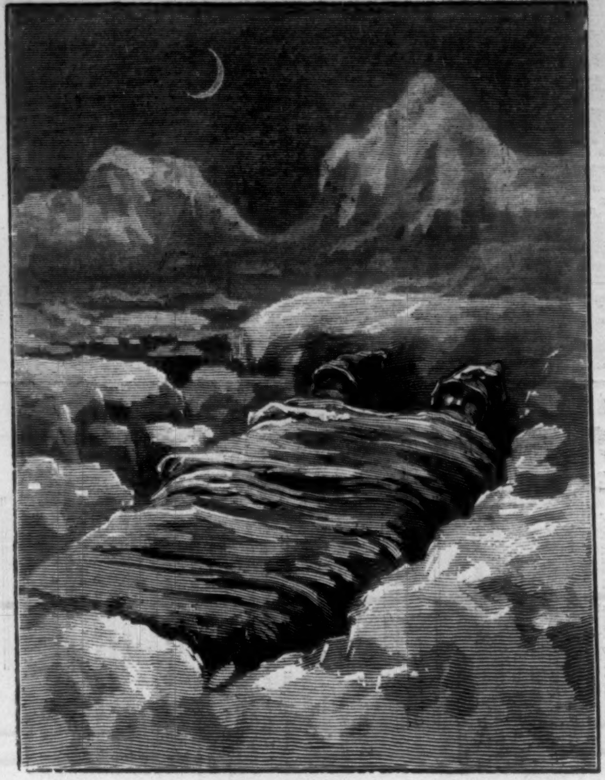
TROPIC VENTILATION.



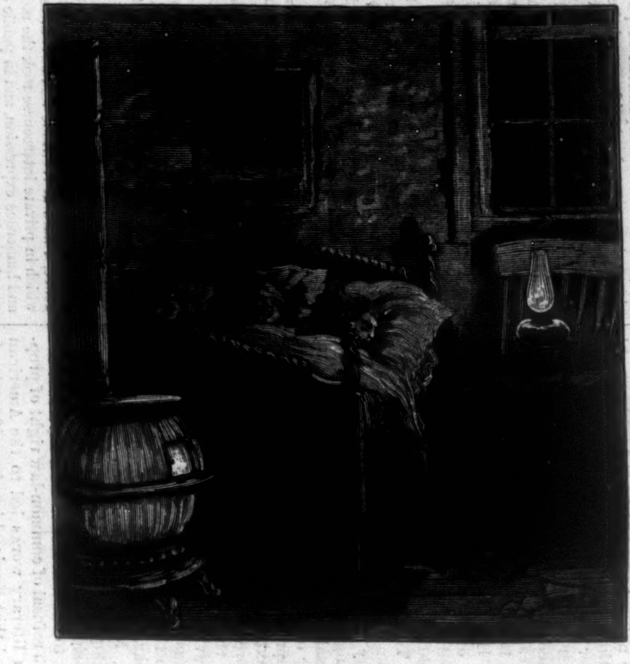
HOW TO DISPOSE OF SEWERAGE.



SOWING FOR DIPHTHERIA.



ARCTIC VENTILATION.



RURAL VENTILATION.

RURAL VENTILATION AND SANITATION.—DRAWN BY GASTON FAY.—[SEE PAGE 38.]

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

A TINGLE AND A TANGLE.

TOUCHWOOD PARK, as the owners loved to call it, differed from Larks's Cot almost as much as Sir Joseph Touchwood from "Captain Larks." Brilliance without shade, but striped and barred with brighter brilliance, and slashed across with all bold hues (in diaper patterns, glittering like a newly varnished oil-cloth), with stucco pilasters to relieve it (but all too shallow to help themselves, or carry their white perukes of pie-crust), and topped with a stuck-up roof of tile and puckered things called "minarets," but more like stable lanterns—the gazer found solace in shutting both eyes, and hoping that the money had done good elsewhere.

"Winderful to my maind—winderful they arktexts be!" said John Sage, of Christowell, to his wife. "Blest if they han't diskivered a plan to make tower of Babel out of Noah's rainbow!"

"What odds to thee?" replied his good wife, Judy. "Our Bill hath drawed his ladder wages, riglar, every Zatterday."

Truly it made small difference to the quiet folk of Christowell whether the mansion were tall or short, dazzling or soothing to the eye, because it was out of their parish—which marks a broad line in all matters of feeling—and also because it was out of their sight till they mounted a gristly and scraggy bone of hill. Some of them looked upon this as a great denial, and grumbled at going so far to see the big house on a Sunday. But most people said it was wisely ordained, lest the liver'd young men should come courting their daughters, and drive up the price of beer at the "Horseshoes."

Sir Joseph Touchwood had a right to please himself; as indeed he always did, having vast self-complacence, which was justified by his success in life. Beginning his career as a boy-of-all-work, he had made his way into a little grocer's shop at Stonehouse, and so into the pursers' rooms, and thence into Admiralty contracts, lucrative and elastic. He cheated as little as he could help, until he could do it on a worthy scale, and in superior company.

Rising thus, he was enabled by-and-by to be the superior company himself, to reward those who helped him, and make it more expedient to shake the head than to wag the tongue about him. And little as he cared for the shadow or even the sparkle of his object, while he grasped the substance, the showy part also was rendered to him by a pleasing and natural incident.

Lord Wellington's men having worn out their shoes by constant pursuit of the enemy, our government took measures to prepare to shoe them, by the time they had learned to march barefoot. Joseph Touchwood got the contract: his beef had been found of such durable texture, that the hides, in all reason, must last forever. The order was placed in Northampton; the shoes were made in a jiffy, and came to Plymouth, two-and-twenty thousand of them, all of a size, not in pairs, but polygamous; being shaped so admirably as to fit either human foot alike. They passed a triumphant examination, and were happily shipped to a Spanish port, which fell into the hands of Marshal Soult on the very day of their arrival.

That great commander rejoiced exceedingly; for his men were barefooted from running away; and he rigged out seven thousand Gallic heroes in captured British leather—or the like. On the very next day a great battle came off, and the right side won it—that is to say, ours. Then every Frenchman shot, lanced, or taken prisoner was proved to be as lame as a cock on a glassed wall; and although no allowance was made for that drawback, the hand of Providence was discovered in it. It was useless for Touchwood to deny that he had foreseen this result, and produced, at great outlay, a patriotic stratagem. In a word, with no more waste of time than was needful for the British cabinet to conceive, ponder, and deliver a large budget of jokes at the Frenchman's expense—of his vain attempt to fill British leather, and getting into the wrong pair of shoes, etc.—amid public applause they made the contractor a baronet instead of paying him.

Sir Joseph would liefer have received the money; for the shoes stood him fairly in 9*d.* apiece; and he counted for a further loss his non-gain of three shillings upon every one of them. He had no honest ground for complaint, however, having run a good cargo of French goods homeward, as well as established a permanent basis for supplying the French, through the rest of that campaign, with slop-flannel trousers as blue as their legs.

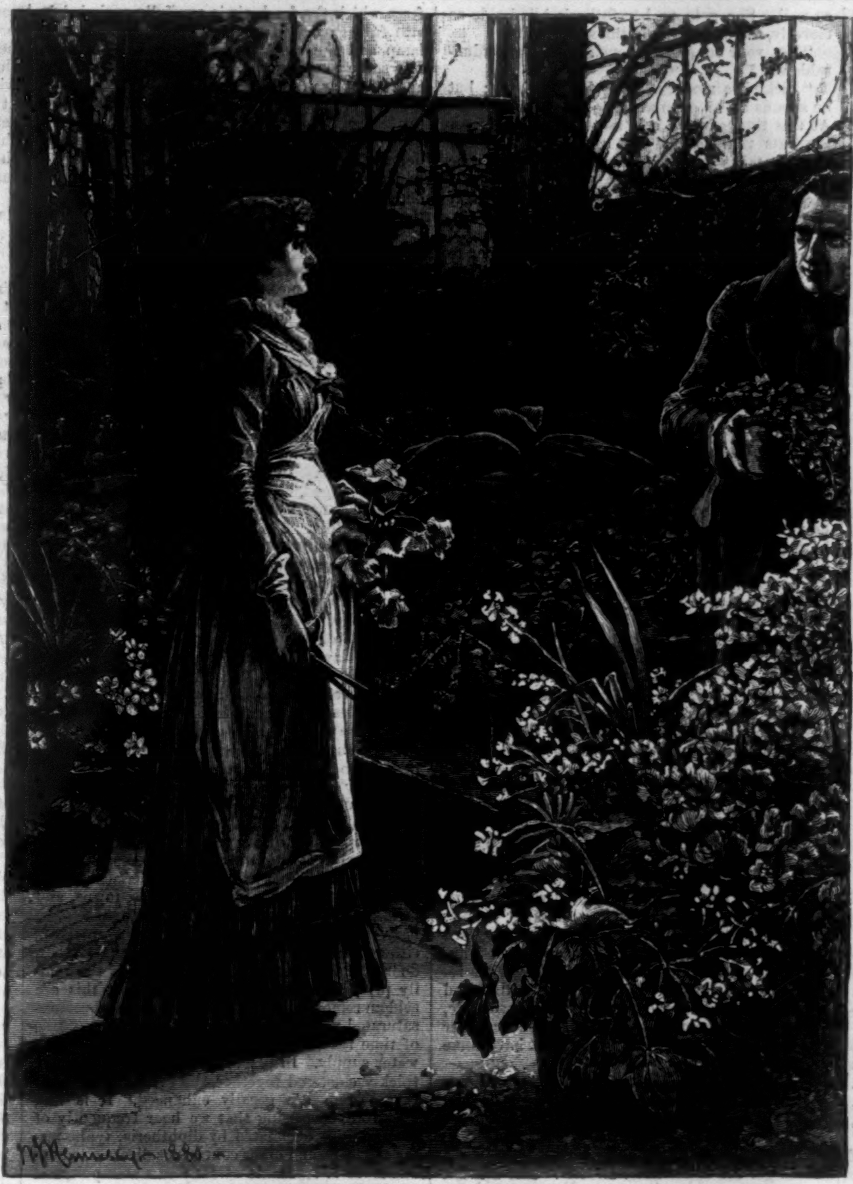
Sir Joseph worked harder than ever, although universally respected by this time. And though he cared little for empty honor, he loved fame when it led to business. Lady Touchwood began to think more of his opinion, and allowed him no longer to be called "our Joe." He flourished exceedingly; but stuck to business still, and left all the decorative part to her. This lady was an admirable wife and mother, kind, warm-hearted, full of interest in things that were no concern of hers, an excellent adviser, when not consulted, as good to the poor as they would let her be, vigilant in her own household, and resolute in having her own way always. The most captious of critics could find no fault in her, except that she was obstinate, imperious, narrow-minded, and ridiculously passionate when "put out." And a very little thing was enough to put her out; though she always believed it to be monstrous.

"Now I call it very good of you to come to me so promptly," she exclaimed, holding out both fat hands to Mr. Short. "I always like people to do that so much. Never mind any thing. Do sit down."

Mr. Short bowed pleasantly, but made no pretty speech, though the ladies still expected such politeness from the gentlemen. For he knew that this lady would only cut short his oration.

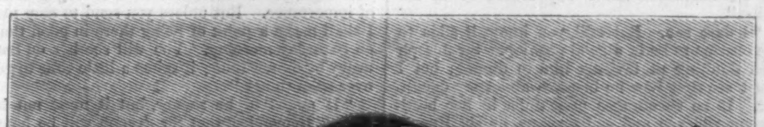
"I am the most persecuted person in the world," she continued, glancing sadly at a statuette of Dido; "no, she was not to be compared to me, and she did burn the villain who betrayed her."

"Sir Joseph?" inquired Mr. Short, with some surprise, but too wary to correct the lady's memory of the Æneid.



"THE LITTLE DOOR OPENED, AND HIS ROSE CAME IN."—[SEE PAGE 22, No. 1254.]

THE LATE BENJAMIN K. PHELPS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD.—[SEE PAGE 43.]



THE LATE REV. E. H. CHAPIN, D.D.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SARONY.—[SEE PAGE 43.]

"Sir Joseph! How can you be so exceedingly provoking? Sir Joseph is a model; and besides that, he knows better. It is my daughter Julia?"

"I am grieved indeed," Mr. Short said, softly, and dropping his eyes, lest they should gleam with any levity. "The young lady promised to behave so well; and she seemed so truly sorry, so affectionate and dutiful, after having shown a little—temper, perhaps, on Monday."

"Then you shall hear how she has kept her promise. This morning, without provocation or excuse, she packed up all her property, and she left my house!"

"Surely there must have been something more than usual?"

"Not at all. You shall judge for yourself. She is constantly pretending to have judgments of her own, and to use what she calls her reasoning powers. No good ever comes of such a thing as that. But she is at liberty to do it when she pleases, so long as she only agrees with me. But to argue against her own mother, Mr. Short!"

"Lady Touchwood, I agree with you that it is wrong. But of course, with your superior intellect, you convinced her of her error."

"That I did thoroughly. I boxed her ears until they were as red as the things they make sauce of. Oh, it was such a satisfaction to me!"

Mr. Short stared a little, though he knew the lady's temper. Then he thought of the haughty tall Julia, whom he admired with a distant fervency. Julia, with her pretty ears as red as ripe tomatoes!

"I hurt my poor hands shockingly with her nasty brilliants. It was too bad of her." Lady Touchwood exhibited her dimpled but vigorous palms, with pink lines on them. "She went to bed, as I thought, in a chastened spirit; and I told her to pray for a better frame of mind. But instead of that, she has done what I tell you."

"But you know where she is? You have ascertained that; otherwise you would be in great tribulation. Is she gone to her father at Plymouth?"

"Not she, indeed. Sir Joseph has too much high principle to encourage her; though he would, no doubt, if he dared, because she can do exactly as she likes with him."

"Then perhaps to her aunt at Ivybridge? I am sure that you know, or you would be more sorry for what you have done, Lady Touchwood."

"I do the right thing, and I defy the consequence. But I know where the hussy is well enough. I ought to have taken her purse away. She has hired a post-chaise, and driven off, forsooth, in noble state, to Westcombe Hall."

"To Colonel Westcombe's place! I had not the least idea even that you knew him. I have spoken of him, and you made no sign." Mr. Short looked surprised, for he was thinking, "Well, you can hold your tongue, when you please, as well as people of better temper."

"Oh dear yes," replied Lady Touchwood, as if she were surprised at his surprise; "we have known Colonel Westcombe for years and years; in fact, he is Julia's godfather, and immensely proud she is of him. But circumstances—well, you know, there was no particular reason why one should go running after him, until he came into that large property; and that, as you must be aware, was not at all expected."

"It is an honor to any one to know Colonel Westcombe. Land or no land, rich or poor, no circumstances make any difference in his value."

"I dare say. But still, you know, it adds to his charms to be in a good position. Sir Joseph was thinking of inviting him to dinner; but I must see first how he behaves about my daughter. If he encourages poor Julia in her headstrong violence and evil tempers, he shall never sit down in this house, Mr. Short."

"Whatever he does will be right, Lady Touchwood, whatever your opinion may be about it. And now, though I am not the clergyman of your parish, you have given me the right to speak by sending for me. And setting aside all the folly of your conduct, I must tell you that it is very wrong."

Mr. Short spoke strongly, for he feared no one, and cared very little for the temper of any woman except his own Mrs. Aggett. He expected to be escorted to the door with much dispatch. But instead of that, his hostess bore meekly with him, and even seemed to listen with attention. For she knew in her heart that she had gone a little too far, peradventure, and she respected the Established Church whenever she was not furious. In her youth she had been a quiet, gentle-looking person, with large blue eyes, and a plump round face, and delicate complexion. But, even then, the doubling of the chin, the bold cut of nostril, and fullness of the eyelids showed that mischief might come out, and patience not strike root in age.

"Is your homily over?" she inquired, with a smile, which saved her words from rudeness; for, like many other quick-tempered persons, she had a very pretty smile, to put her in the right. "You are famous for very short sermons with a very great deal in them. How I wish you were our vicar here, instead of Mr. Barker! He always goes on for three-quarters of an hour."

"Barker is a very sound and excellent divine. Many of my people long for him. I always get him over for collection Sundays. He draws half a crown where I draw a shilling. My farmers say, 'Short time makes short wages.' But what have you sent for me to do about your fair deserter?"

"To advise me, Mr. Short; because you are so clever. People are so liable to misunderstand me. They never make allowances for the trials I encounter. Sir Joseph is all the week long at his office, and I have to go through every hardship by myself. Even if he were here this moment I could not allow him to interfere, because he is so one-sided. He looks upon Julia as a perfect angel, because she understands his snuff so well. She gets on her father's blind side so cleverly, the crafty young time-server!"

"But your son, Lady Touchwood—your admirable son?"

"Dicky is a model of every known virtue; but he spends all his time with the rat-catcher's dogs. At this time of year it is most important to get the rats thinned off, you know. And besides that, he takes such extraordinary views that he goes against me very often. I have felt it my duty to have this matter kept from him, for fear of his taking it in an unbecoming manner."

"Which means, in plain English, that he would side with his sister. It was very good of her to go away without involving him. But something must be done, and done at once, if possible. You have not allowed the servants to discover, I suppose, the cause of this sudden departure."

"Their opinions are nothing whatever to me. If they form nasty ones, I discharge them. But Julia has much more dignity, I should hope, than to whine about what she has brought upon herself. She could not help feeling that she brought it on herself."

"Very well, then," replied Mr. Short, to avoid that difficult subject, "we may treat the matter as a simple visit of the young lady to her dear godfather. The servants and the stable-men may be wroth at being dispensed with, or endeavor to be so; but, upon the whole, the less they have to do, the more thoroughly they enjoy it. You, on the other hand, show no anxiety, but leave the fair fugitive to her own devices. She in her exile begins to pine for her birds and her books, her flowers, her piano, and her pet dog Elfie."

"No, not Elfie. She has taken that wretch with her. You may trust her never to stir a yard without darling Elfie. She may pine, as you say, if she is capable of it; but surely the first thing she should pine for is her own good mother."

"So she will, and very painfully indeed. And the end of it is that she writes a touching letter, and comes home with a wholesome knowledge that the ears must expiate the tongue's offenses."

"You know nothing at all about her," Lady Touchwood answered, with a mother's smile. "What does a bachelor know of women? They calculate on them from their own reason. For instance, do you think that I could wait a month with my daughter in the hands of other people, and learning all sorts of tricks against her own mother? I can be very patient, and most long-suffering, when I am convinced that my trials require it. But as for sitting down like this, and thinking, and hoping for people to be reasonable, your own sense must show you that I never, never could put up with it. Surely you must have some wiser plan than that!"

"I will tell you, then, what I will do, if you think fit. I will call upon my old friend Colonel Westcombe, if you wish me to do so, and see Miss Touchwood."

"Not as if you came from me, of course. Julia would get the upper hand directly. But why not go to-day, Mr. Short? The days are getting nice and long, and it is not very far."

"Twelve good miles, as the crow flies," said her visitor, thinking to himself that she deserved some brisk anxiety; "and the crow would have many steep hills to fly over. My horse took me forty miles yesterday, and more. And if I went now, it would look as if you were devoured with regret and penitence; and that would be below your dignity. To-morrow I have an engagement of importance. But unless you send to stop me, I shall make a point of being there in good time on Saturday morning. You will see her on Saturday by dinner-time; it takes a little time to get over such things."

"It ought to be sooner, but it must not be later. Remember that Sir Joseph will be home that evening; and if he should not have done well that week, he might make a whole string of troublesome inquiries. You must not think me selfish. That is the last thing to be said of me. But I like people to be considerate to me, and amiable, and sweet-tempered. And I have a good right to expect it, Mr. Short, for I am always so to others—when they let me."

"Ah, yes, I see. But how fond you are of self-examination, Lady Touchwood! Is it because you find the result so favorable?"

"I am never put out by sarcastic speeches, because I don't understand them. I hope you will come and dine with us on Sunday, if that dreadful Mrs. Aggett will allow you."

The vicar was never ashamed to say that he heartily loved a good dinner. How many a parson has got his living by knowing what good living is! Wherefore are college kitchens far more glorious than the lecture-rooms, and why does the buttery excel the chapel? Therefore Mr. Short said yes, with a very cheerful countenance, and observed with tender resignation, as he rode home through the park, that the fattest of the bucks was absent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RURAL VENTILATION AND SANITATION.

THOSE who have occasion to pass by farm-houses or through country villages at an early hour of the morning, when the inhabitants are buried in sleep, will have observed how thoroughly the dwellings are fortified against the admission of fresh air. The windows are hermetically sealed, and in addition the sickly light of a kerosene lamp, presumably in the bedrooms, may be seen through the interstices of the shutters. This terror of the night air is one of the superstitious fetters in which the rural mind is most firmly held.

When we study more closely the interior life of country people, we are surprised that they resist so well as they do the attacks of disease. During the winter, with ample space at their command, as many persons as possible occupy a single apartment. The atmosphere of this room, from which the fresh air is carefully excluded, is still further vitiated by the fumes of a lighted lamp and the radiation from a cast-iron stove. The sensations due to sleeping in an ill-ventilated apartment are familiar to all. The breathing is labored, slumber is broken and fitful, and on arising in the morning there is a sensation of heaviness in the head, accompanied with lassitude and depression of spirits. The effects are reflected in the unhealthy and colorless complexions of our native-born rural population. This is particularly noticeable in the persons of young country-bred girls, who, with the foundation for great comeliness of face and figure, become early in life pale, haggard, and emaciated—the victims of these ill-ventilated homes.

Our coastwise mariners, from their training and habitual exposure to fresh gales and breezes, it should be supposed would be particularly antagonistic to close and foul air. They are, however, in no wise more sensitive to its pernicious influences than the landsman. Upon coming to anchor and retiring for the night, they are careful to close completely the hatches of their cabins, and every other aperture through which the fresh air may enter. In these narrow quarters several men are lodged, who breathe over and over again the fœtid atmosphere, unconscious of any particular discomfort. The records of the marine hospitals reveal the supersusceptibility of this class of sailors to the attacks of disease.

The experience of explorers in high northern latitudes shows that exposure to a low temperature, while sleeping in the open air, is unaccompanied by ill effects. On sledge expeditions, where shelter is available only under the lee of an ice hummock or a light canvas tent, the sleeper awakens refreshed and fortified to encounter the vicissitudes of his perilous journeyings. Travellers in the wilds of Africa, under the tropics, in a climate supposed to be of deadly unhealthfulness, swing their hammocks at night wheresoever they may be, whether in swamps or dense forests, and suffer no harm or inconvenience. Wherein, therefore, lurks the danger of breathing the night air of our temperate zone?

Lack of ventilation is but the accomplice of a far more destructive foe which menaces at all seasons the residents of our villages, towns, and farm-houses—poisoned water. With the ordinary rural residence and farm-house the well is either immediately within or near the kitchen door. A few feet more or less distant the family privy is located. The contents of this are seldom removed; in consequence, the soil becomes saturated with its drainings, which in the course of time reach to and poison the sources of the water supply. In places where the dwellings are thickly clustered together, the evils arising from this system are greatly enhanced. It is not, therefore, surprising that we hear frequently of communities decimated by diphtheria, typho-malarial fevers, and other contagious diseases, whose existence is traceable directly to water poisoned by the filtrations from the privy, to lack of house drainage, or to the proximity of the village graveyard, which for beauty of site is usually perched upon a hill overlooking the inhabited valley beneath. When the town is not in close proximity to the cemetery, the parsonage is sure to be located near its gates; consequently the clerical incumbent is never done with his defunct parishioners, unless, wise in his generation, he seeks safety in flight.

With rural folks, as a matter of convenience, the house slops are in most cases thrown from the door near or about the curb of the well, where they form a slimy pool, which stagnates, and contributes by the saturation of the soil to pollute and poison the drinking water. The pastoral being can not be convinced that a clear and sparkling liquid may contain the germs of disease and death. A sense of foulness must to him be conveyed by tangible offense to taste and smell. Moreover, he clings with fondness to the sentimental halo which surrounds the "old oaken bucket"—a repository, under his complete system of *non*-sanitation, of lurking death and dire suffering, not only to himself and his family, but to those unfortunate beings who, misled by the superficial charms of a country life, tarry for a season under his infected roof-tree.

To secure in country homes a perfect ventilation, a pure supply of drinking water, and consequent good health, is easy of accomplishment at a very small cost. The open window supplies the first, while the second is secured with a few tile pipes and the use of earth closets, or modifications of the same. In towns, where the houses are thickly clustered, a more elaborate system is needed—one which requires the co-operation of neighbors or of the constituted authorities. Those who occupy detached houses within the circle of a moderate plot of ground have it in their power to assure themselves almost entire immunity from the attack of diseases which have their origin in defective sewerage and polluted water. This may be illustrated by giving the results of a practical and successful experiment under conditions of exceptional difficulty.

Close by a sheet of brackish water on the Atlantic coast, on a plot of flat sandy soil, raised more than four feet above the level of the sea, there stood an old farm-house crumbling with age. In front of this dwelling was a lawn some sixty feet in width, uniting with a piece of marsh of about the same dimensions, which reached to the edge of the bay. This marsh flanks the premises on the left for its entire length, its borders washed by a creek or sluggish pond, which, through a narrow and silted inlet, on the occurrence of exceptional tides, receives the tidal flow. The expert in chills and malarious fevers would certainly pronounce it the abiding-place of the insidious foe.

For years the house slops had been thrown from the rear door of this old house; moreover, the privy occupied its accustomed site near by the well. The drinking water bore an unenviable reputation even among those lifted above petty prejudices in this direction. Its unwholesomeness was attributed, not to the real cause, but to the fact that the water in the well rose and fell with the ebb and flow of the tide. People who at various times inhabited this old dwelling suffered from maladies due to contaminated water, their illness being attributed to the proximity of the place to the neighboring pond and adjoining marsh.

Ultimately this plot of land was purchased from its original owners, the old house removed, and a new structure erected on its exact site. This was thoroughly though not expensively built, but with every regard for convenience and comfort attainable under the conditions of its peculiar location. It was impossible to excavate an extensive cellar on account of the near approach of the subterranean waters to the surface of the ground; consequently the house was erected on brick foundations eighteen inches in height, pierced with ventilators at short intervals. Two kitchens formed an extension, on a line with the main structure. Under one of these a shallow cellar was excavated. An uncommon tide has flooded this with two feet of water; on the same occasion the lawn was submerged to within twenty feet of the piazza. These particulars are given, as they accentuate the horror with which a conventional spirit will regard such surroundings.

The well attached to the old house was thoroughly purified, and its contents rendered entirely wholesome; in addition, two driven wells were sunk, one connecting with the summer kitchen, and the other with a bath-room situated on the second story. In the place of water-closets, in an apartment built for the purpose, and forming a part of the extension, earth closets are introduced. These are so arranged as to be readily cleansed, and the contents rendered innoxious by the application of ashes, which at short intervals are removed and transferred to a distant field to be ultimately utilized as a fertilizer. By the use of this device one prime cause of sickness was eliminated, and the pollution of the atmosphere from defective plumbing entirely guarded against. The liquid sewerage is carried off in four-inch tile pipes, one branch starting from the bath-room in the second story, the other connecting with sinks in the lower part of the house. The total length of both lines of pipe amounts to six hundred feet, and terminates in a cess-pool some four hundred and fifty feet from the house. Attached to this cess-pool is a powerful chain-pump, by means of which the sewerage is distributed daily on stable manure, which at frequent intervals is removed and transported to a distance, and replaced by fresh absorbent material. The pipes forming these drains are thoroughly trapped, not only near their entrance to the house, but at intervals in their entire length. The traps are so arranged as to admit of frequent examination and cleansing, and thrice yearly the main connections undergo a similar process.

The difficulties attending the drainage of premises so absolutely level, and where the subterranean waters approach so near the surface of the soil, are not encountered in the conditions which ordinarily prevail on rural properties. The practical merits evolved from such sanitary precautions are shown in the results. The residence described has been occupied continuously for many years. The services of a physician have been seldom required, and then only for the moral effect of his presence on very young people, or in the case of slight mechanical injuries, while in the adjacent villages and farm-houses the services of several are in constant request. This absolute immunity from all diseases in this household may be entirely attributed to measures which assure a plentiful supply of pure and uncontaminated drinking water for those who habitually indulge in that fluid, and the free admission of a copious supply in the sleeping-rooms of the fresh night air. Moreover, this house faces the south, and as the sun sweeps low to the horizon during the winter months, the apartments facing that quarter receive for the entire day, during fair weather, the full benefit of its rays. No ill effects have ever been experienced from the occasional overflow of the land by exceptional tides; neither has the proximity of the marshy ground and sluggish pond been productive of malaria in any form.

Such a system as is here described is so simple as to be within the reach of all. The steady increase of diphtheria and typho-malarial fevers in the rural districts can not be checked unless radical sanitary reforms be there introduced. The cost of preventive measures is trifling compared to the beneficent results arising therefrom. Earth closets, or modifications of the same, whereby fecal matter is destroyed or rendered innocuous by the application of dry ashes, are more cheaply erected than the ordinary offensive structures common to most country homes. An ordinary hogshead furnishes an effective cess-pool, and the attachment of a chain-pump for emptying the same may be made at a small expense. Tile pipes for drains, and the labor of placing them in position, are inexpensive, while driven wells, in a sandy soil, are more cheaply sunk than the shaft commonly in use. If these devices be universally introduced, and a proper care and attention be given to keep them always in working order, the prevalence of diphtheria and typho-malarial fevers will be speedily checked. Country folks, however, must shake off their superstitious dread of open windows and the fresh night air. It is no fault of the press that they are not constantly instructed as to the fatal consequences attending the use of impure drinking water and the breathing of foul air.

Country people, moreover, have a passion for absorbing vast quantities of drugs. That physician enjoys the most repute among them who drenches them most copiously with medicine. It is an assured fortune to that practitioner who secures an extensive rural practice. If these people must dose themselves, let them encourage that practice of medicine which preaches the infinitesimal, of which it is calculated that if a "drop of the mother-tincture be put through thirty decimal dilutions, it would require for the purpose the contents of nearly sixteen quadrillion reservoirs of the size of that in Central Park. To contain this number of reservoirs, 15,873,005 worlds the size of ours would be necessary." The mere presence of such a powerful agent would be sufficient.

Gaston Fay.

THE FRENCH GRAPE.

On the light, sandy, gravelly soils, which are admirably adapted to the growth of the grape, the vine is planted in ranks some hundred and fifty feet in length and four in width. At intervals of five feet are placed the roots, which, on the plains, are trained to grow something like a foot and a half from the ground, and then to spread their shoots on either side along a wire strained at this height from intervening supports. This system gives mathematical precision to the growth, and also allows the sun to reach the branches from every direction, and the foliage, thus trained, never rises higher than between three and four feet, or overclusters so thickly the fruit as to veil it from the ripening rays.

In the neighborhood of rivers where there is a chance of flooding, and on ridges and slopes, the roots of the vine are planted at distances of three feet, and are allowed to climb as they list, clinging to poles from eight to ten feet in height. The vineyards so ordered remind one somewhat of dwarfed hop gardens, and as the foliage, untrammelled, flourishes in luxuriant disorder, it becomes necessary, while the branches are developing, to loop up the leafy tendrils, and thus allow the sun to penetrate.

It may also be mentioned that there are a great variety of plants; some being famous for their hardiness, others for their exquisite savor and bouquet, others for their lusciousness and abundance of juice, others for body and coloring qualities, and all requiring some special choice of soil and aspect to insure the successful development of their various attributes. Again, the different varieties will not ripen at the same time, and the choosing of the moment for vintaging has to be nicely calculated, so as to begin with the plants that have reached prime condition, and continue in succession with those that are ready when the first have been gathered.

Let it here be understood that I am speaking especially of the vintaging of the black grapes from which the red wine is obtained. The gathering of the white varieties, that give the Sauternes and straw-colored crûs, is altogether different. With these, the vintaging commences a fortnight later than with the dark fruit, and extends over an interval of quite a month; those grapes only being gathered off a bunch which are completely ripe, and toasted by the sun. Thus, in the latter instance, a vineyard is frequently gone over a dozen times, great care being taken to pluck only those grains which are done to a turn.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1253.]

THE HEAD WAITER.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Coward Conscience," etc.

CHAPTER V.

"AN OLD STORY."

By degrees, I heard all about Mr. Rushton. Jessie was disposed to be communicative now, and I asked a great many questions. With the answers I ought to have been particularly satisfied, but I was not, for I did not believe them.

I did not tell her that I distrusted her statement, but I did. I had watched her from the box—I had been an invisible witness, like an unseen spirit, to much earnestness and grief, and she never spoke of that. Mr. Rushton was alluded to as a vain man, a "big silly," one that she had never agreed with in business; but I was on my guard, and her air of indifference did not deceive me. I deceived her by feigning to believe—as I used to believe—everything she told me!

Mr. Rushton had left business altogether. He had come into property by the death of his father, a Lincolnshire farmer, and was, "oh! very rich indeed." I did not doubt that, and was sorry for it. He had met her by accident that night, which was true enough, or about half the truth. It was he who had scared Jessie weeks before, and from whom she had fled; but I did not allude to this suspicion, or seek to confirm it. He and Jessie had been lovers once, I thought—before my time of courtship of her; there had been a quarrel, a drifting apart, his obstinacy and her high spirit refusing to make any advance to a reconciliation; and then a desperate plunge of despair, and a secret marriage with *me*. That was the story I had made out of it all, and it was so near the truth that, save some petty details, not worth the mentioning, that I need not dwell upon it again. I saw it all so awfully clearly, even at that time, and those two thought that I saw nothing.

The ice was broken, and they met at the Apollo pretty frequently, and meant no harm, neither he nor she, to begin with, I verily believe now. But *I* doubted them from the beginning—I thought the worst at once, and waited for my proofs. I had lost confidence very desperately.

What my life was for the next six months is difficult to guess at—it was a watchful, distrustful, awful life, that aged me with a wondrous rapidity. I kept my misery to myself pretty well: not even Jessie knew that I was jealous. It would have been as well if I had told her—if I had sobbed forth my suspicions, or flamed out in my wrath; but I was content to let matters stand, and see what it would all come to. I saw that they were friends; I knew they met frequently, but it was at the Apollo, and before my face. There was nothing sly about it.

There was some ugly talk at the hall, and some jesting words of warning, but it was only a big joke to the Apollo lot. They fancied I bore it very philosophically, and was an easier fool than they had even thought, when my heart was a great black blot that beat with thoughts of murder.

I suppose, looking at it all in soberer fashion, it was poor Jessie who was the fool. She was young, vain, and willful, and I did not try to check the impulse toward the old lover—this man with whom she had quarrelled and made it up—until it was too late. When I interfered, the fancy had grown to love again, and I was powerless. I don't think that she even knew how strong her passion had become for him until I interfered at last, and said she must not go to the Apollo any more. This was on a Sunday night, when we had time to talk together a little. Then I thought I would speak up.

"Not go! Why not?" she inquired.

"They are talking about you at the hall."

"Let them."

"And I don't like that Rushton forever sneaking after you," I said; "it looks bad, and people make worse out of it than it really is."

"Can't I speak to an old friend, even with you near me, without being talked about, I should like to know?" she cried, indignantly.

"I don't think you can."

"Perhaps you suspect me too?"

"Yes, by God, I do!" I answered, solemnly.

She drew a long breath, and turned as white as death. I had spoken out at last, and to some purpose.

"You—you dare to think it?" she cried at last. "What have I said or done that you should treat me like this?"

"You have gone back in your heart to the man you loved before me," I said. "You are not happy out of his sight, or in my own, and I will not bear it any longer."

"I shall speak to any one I choose," she said, indignantly. "He is an old friend, and I will not turn away from him. Not for anybody. Not for you."

"You love him?"

"I do not."

"He and you shall not meet again by my permission. That I swear."

"Swear away," she answered, defiantly. "I have a will of my own, as well as you have."

"Ah! but you don't know me," I said. "Look here."

I took from my waistcoat pocket a small vial, and her eyes dilated with a new horror as she gazed at it.

"What is—that?" she gasped forth.

"Poison," I answered; "more than enough to kill him. And I had made up my mind to kill him last night."

"Jacob!" she screamed.

"I have been buying this by degrees—a little here and there, at chemists' shops—and I should have put it in his first glass of whiskey and water—he is fond of whiskey—only I could not get a chance last night. There were so many people about. But on Monday," I added, "I shall have better luck."

"You would murder him?"

"I would kill him like the rat he is. Why not?"

"Great Heaven!"

She went away from me shudderingly to the furthermost end of the room, with every particle of color bleached out of her face; she put her arms round her child, and looked away from me. Presently she fainted away, and lay like a dead thing in my arms. I was alarmed now; but oh! if she had only died that night, it would have been so much the better for her!

When she recovered consciousness she said to me,

"Jacob, you never meant to kill him?"

"Upon my soul I did," I answered.

"Don't come near me! get away from me! let me think!" she whispered; and I went and sat before the black and empty fire grate all that night, and brooded in my turn of what would come of it. Perhaps it would end happily for everybody now. I had not wished to frighten her; I had only told her the plain truth, and she would take it as a warning.

I went to the Apollo on the Monday, feeling sure that she would come there no more. I had asserted my rights, and stopped this folly for good and all. She had come so frequently of late that her absence was remarked before the evening was over.

"Mrs. Durnford has not honored us to-night," Mr. Plantagenet said. "She is not ill, I hope?"

"She is quite well, thank you."

"Have you seen Mr. Rushton about?" he asked. "I wanted to see him myself very particularly."

My wife's name had suggested the other, and Rushton had made himself friendly with the manager and chairman and one or two of the "artistes," being profuse in his treats.

"No, I haven't seen him."

"I have seen Rushton, Planty," said our new tenor, coming in at this moment.

"How long ago?"

"Oh, about three-quarters of an hour ago, outside the hall. The little lady was waiting for him there. What's the row?"

Mr. Plantagenet coughed, but the tenor was a dull man, and did not know that I was the husband of her they called "the little lady" at the Apollo. He went on in his blundering way.

"I don't know what the deuce was up between them, but she would not let him come in here," he said. "She hung on to him like a mad thing. Some other woman, I suppose, Planty?"

"And what became of them?" I asked, suddenly and harshly.

He stared at me haughtily for my intrusion on the conversation: he was a great man in his own opinion, though in mine he could not sing one single note fit to be heard.

"This is the little lady's husband," said Plantagenet, with a wink.

"Oh! the devil!"

"And what became of them? If you don't tell me," I said, suddenly clutching him by his white cravat, "I'll shake the life out of you."

"Here! hold hard," he cried. "They went away down the street; that's all I know. Let go the tie, will you, you drunken old idiot. Planty, collar him, can't you?"

Plantagenet put his arms round me, and dragged me from the tenor, whose white tie came off in my hands. They were both furious, but I was very mad.

"You'll get the sack for this, Durnford," bawled the manager; "we've stood enough of your larks these last three months—blowed if we ain't!"

I heard no more. I ran out bare-headed into the street; it was raining fast, but I did not heed it, or turn back. I went straight home, carrying the tenor's tie in my hand; I tottered up stairs to find the front room dark, the back room dark—everything as dark as hell's mouth. I went down stairs to the landlady, and asked if Mrs. Durnford had come home.

"She has been out, and come home, and gone out again, Mister Durnford," was the answer given.

"Oh, has she? and where's little Jessie?"

"She took her with her last time. She woke her out of her sleep—which I thought was very strange, and said so—and made her dress and go out with her."

"Did she say what for?"

"Only that she must take her—that's all," replied the landlady. "Has anything happened, sir? Good Lord! how gray you look!"

I did not hear any more. I fell forward in the passage. I did not know any more for many a long day.

[to be continued.]

CAT STORIES.

The following feline gossip we have gathered from various sources, and now lay before our readers for their amusement.

While cats have been known, like the famished mothers in Jerusalem, to devour their own offspring, they have also been known, when deprived of their kittens, to adopt young hares, hedgehogs, rats, and even chickens. The unusual sight of a rat and five young ones in the same nest with a cat and three kittens, has been seen in Edinburgh. Tortoise-shell cats especially are clever at opening doors; others, deplorable poachers on week-days, become the very pink of propriety as soon as Sabbath-day comes round. Besides being capital hunters and mole-catchers, others can fish, ring door-bells, steal cream, and break eggs in a most systematic manner. But let the following anecdotes given in *Chambers's Journal* speak for themselves.

The cat that gravely laid a portion of its dinner in front of a mouse-hole, and then retired to await the result, had surely something in common with the human speculator and quack, who does pretty nearly the same thing through a newspaper advertisement. While black cats are supposed by the superstitious to have some connection with the Evil One, others make capital ghosts. A farm-house in the north of England was haunted by an invisible ghost, which for a considerable time had been in the habit of ringing a certain bell; and the most lamentable results were about to follow, when the farmer with the family Bible, and a student with a bottle of whiskey, sat up all night, and effectually laid the ghost. It was discovered, very much to their satisfaction, that the bell had been rung by Puss in her efforts to seize the handle, which consisted of a hare's foot. Many people have heard of the ploughman's wise and affectionate cat Mysie. A ploughman at the foot of the Ochils had been long ill—his home was in poverty—when the doctor said the poor man would die if his strength was not kept up by stimulants and animal food. Let the sequel be told in the words of the ploughman's wife: "I put awa' my marriage gown and ring to get him wine, but we had naething in the house but milk and meal. Surely, sir, it was the Lord himself that put it into that cat's head; for that same night she brought in a fine young rabbit, and laid it on the verra bed; and the next night the same, and every night the same, for a month, whiles a rabbit and whiles a bird, till George was up and going to his work as usual. But she never brought anything hame after that."

The ingenuity shown by cats in opening doors is sometimes remarkable. A large cat in the country was in the habit of opening the door for himself in the following manner: The handle of the door was one of the old-fashioned hooped kind, which required to be grasped, and the latch pressed with the thumb. "He leaped on to the window-sill which was near the door, sprung from there, and caught the hoop with his fore-paw, and hung on until he pressed down the latch with the other—this operation requiring considerable force—when the door, swinging open, Puss dropped to the floor, and quietly walked in." In a like ingenious manner a cat has been known to open a kitchen dresser door by working the bar which acted as a fastener round from a horizontal to a perpendicular position, and thus gaining ingress.

A gentleman has a cat which gives a double knock at the street door when it wants to get in. The house has a side door, which has the upper panels glass, and the knocker is placed below this, so that by standing on its hind-legs it can reach the knocker, which it takes hold of with both paws, and gives a regular double knock. Visitors who do not know Tom's knock do not notice anything in it different from that given by a human being, and find it very difficult to believe it is the cat, until waiting till the knock is repeated, the door is opened, and Master Tom walks in. They are obliged to look pretty sharp to see that he is in before the house is shut up, as he has several times returned home in the middle of a cold night, and knocked again and again until some one has been compelled to get up and let him in. Occasionally when the door is opened in answer to his summons, he will stand purring for a short time, and then walk away, as if he enjoyed the fun of giving them the trouble for nothing.

A contributor says: "We had a horse which was kept in a stable not far from the house, and into the stable my man introduced a kitten, and a very close intimacy soon grew up between the kitten and the horse. I have often seen her on his back, which her equine friend quite seemed to understand, and she made her bed just under his manger, and we have frequently seen them having bits of fun together. The horse would advance his head toward her, when puss would put up both her paws, and pretend to scratch his nose, which he seemed rather to enjoy; and then he would seize grimalkin by the skin of her neck in his teeth, and lift her up, and quietly drop her, only to repeat the game, which both seemed to enjoy.

"After a while we sold the horse, whereupon the cat seemed quite disconsolate. Previously the stable had been her home, where she always staid, except for an occasional run in the garden. But now she could not be induced to stay there, and for weeks she lamented the loss of her friend by fretting and mewing about the house."

Some twenty-five years ago a young lady residing in Carlise, England, while alone reading a book at the fireside, fell asleep. She was suddenly awakened by the cat—which had mounted her back, and was violently tearing her hair—to discover that her clothes had caught fire to such an extent that she narrowly escaped being burned to death.

The affection of a certain cat for a pug-dog was great. "The cat," says it owner, "was constantly observed to bring live mice to the pug, and we all were amused at the cat pushing the mouse before the pug, who was much more alarmed than pleased. Our pug became very fat, and we gave strict orders to our servants not to feed him; still, as pug continued fat, we watched him, and we found that he ate the scraps that were left for the pigs. This place was accordingly boarded over, so that pug could not get over the barricade. Nevertheless, to our astonishment, pug continued as fat as ever; when we discovered that the cat used to climb over the boards and bring over with her bones of chicken and fish for pug, who was waiting expectantly on the other side.

A lady in Norfolk, England, tells of a cat that always came to family worship. She knew the bell, and would *race* from the garden or yard to reach the door ere it was closed, then take her place demurely on the hearth-rug, and sit erect, with tail curled gracefully round her paws. When her kitten was old enough to enjoy the privilege, the mother made her come too, and sit by her side in precisely the same position, gravely reproving any inclination to play.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A doctor in Scotland made a nerve and bone all-healing salve, and thought he would experiment a little with it. He at first cut off his dog's tail, and applied some of the salve to the stump. A new tail grew out immediately. He then applied some to the tail which he had cut off, and a new dog grew out. He did not know which dog was which.

A young lady resembles ammunition, because the powder is needed before the ball.

The man who sighs, "How soon we are forgotten!" has only to leave a hotel without paying his bill, to find how sadly mistaken he is.

The barber's apprentice is usually a strapping fellow.

Iceland is the only country that possesses a volcano whose eruptions go off with (H)*ecla*(*t*).

SOMETHING IN THAT.

Smith. "Harder up than ever, old man? So am I."

Jones. "Seen Spifkins lately?"

Smith. "No; that small sum I borrowed of him has estranged us."

Jones. "Ah, there's one comfort, dear boy: *I* and *U* will never be separated by an *O*."

NAUTICAL.

Husband (*jokingly*). "Oh, I'm the *mainstay* of the family."

Wife. "Yes, and the *jib-boom*, and the—and the—"

Small Boy (*from experience*). "And the *spanker* too, mamma." [*Applause.*

You should never give advice. If the person to whom you offer it is wise, he doesn't need it; if he isn't, he won't take it.

A man born at sea can not be proud of his native land.

The Fat of the Land—Petroleum.

Why is the meat in a sandwich like the middle class in society?—Because it lies between the upper-crust and the under-bred.

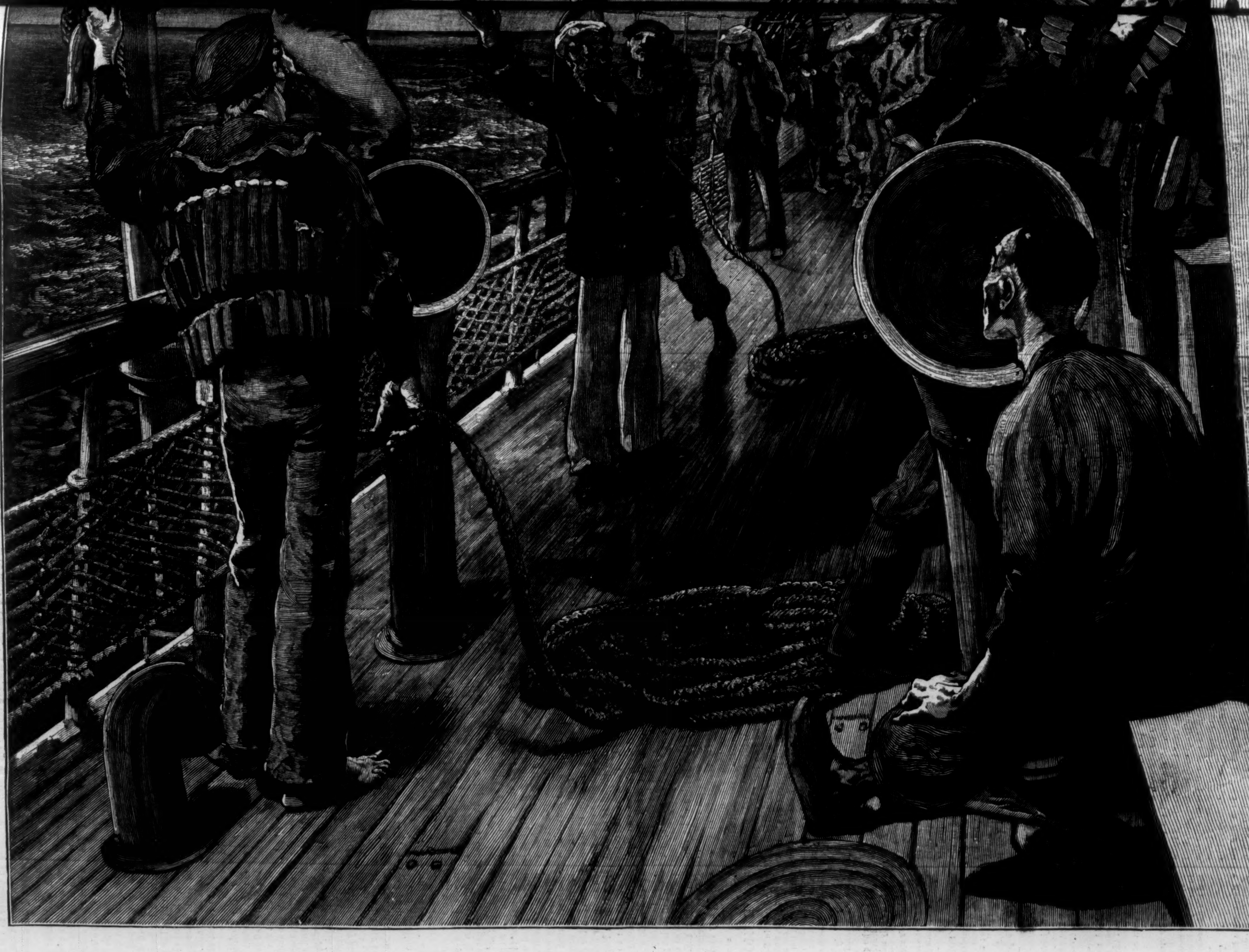
TABLEAU VIVANT.

Bridegroom (*to his little sister-in-law at the breakfast*). "Well, Julie, you've got a new brother now—"

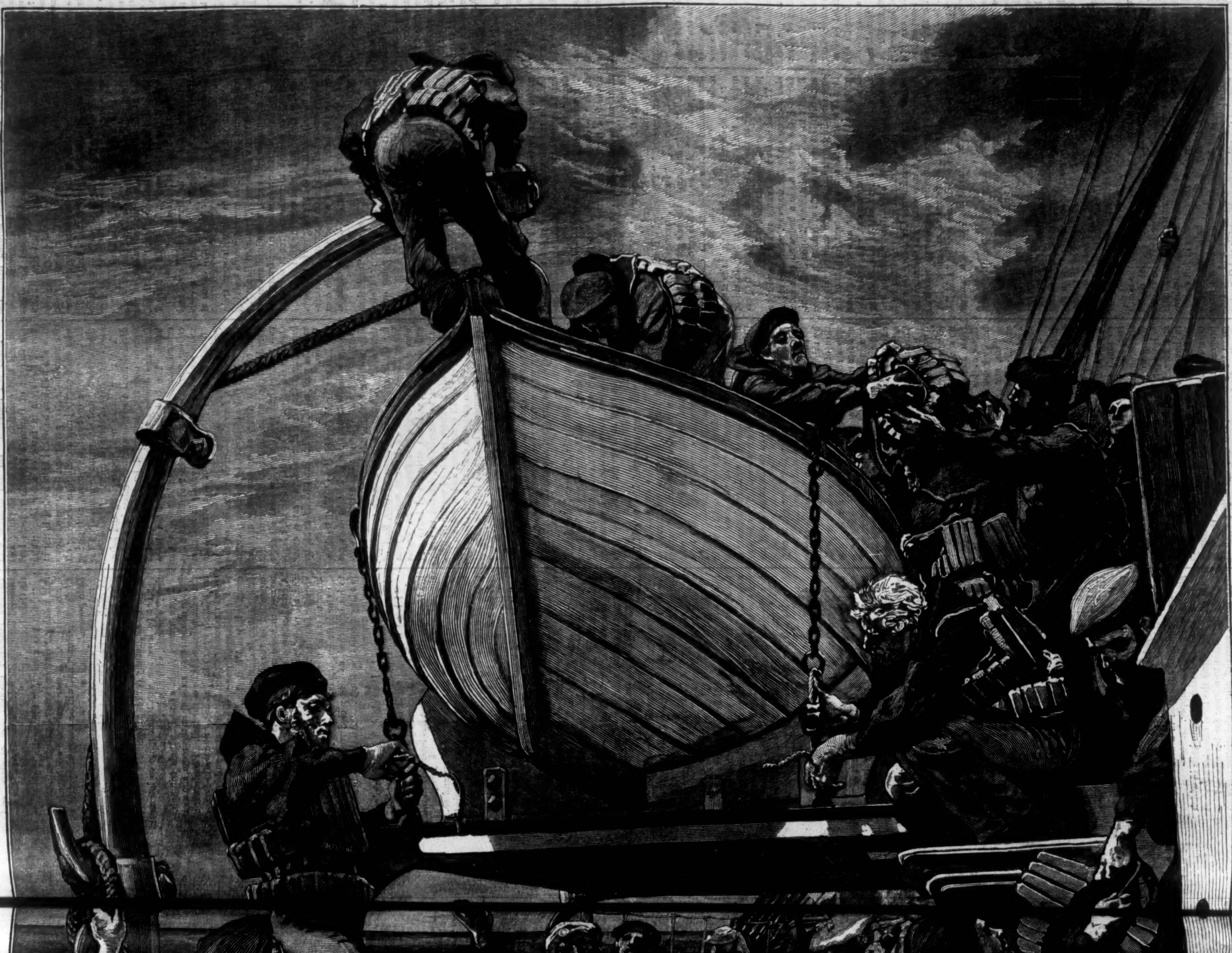
Julie (*enfant terrible*). "Yes; and ma said, the other day, to pa, she didn't think he was much account, on'y it looked like Lottie's last chance."

[*Great clatter of knives, forks, and spoons.*

Mr. Florence relates that the elder Booth, while playing Hamlet in a Virginia town, found himself without the important skull. A little darky volunteered to get one. When Booth was leaving the theatre, he felt some one tugging at his coat tail. He looked around, and saw the little nigger. "What will you have, sonny?" "Please, sah, I want daddy's skull, sah." "Daddy's skull?" "Yes, sah. Dat used to be de ole man's head-piece afore de mewel kicked him, an' mammy 'll lick me to rags ef I lose it."



EXERCISING THE CREW—THE LIFE-BOAT DRILL AT SEA.—[See Page 43.]



TO GEORGE ELIOT.

ARE you, too, dead, and taken from the land
  Where mortals come, abide, and whence they go?
Has Death, the spectre with the skinny hand,
  Throttled thy life, and brought thee, then, so low?
Has all the glory in thy spirit set,
  Thy radiance and rarity of soul
Gone like a vision that the eye has met,
  That, seen, was heaven, and, departed, dole?
Oh, have the wonders that in thee did lie,
  The great circumference of thy glowing mind,
Passing, but shown how all on earth must die,
  Howe'er it be, whatever be its kind?
For that thou wert most wonderful and rare,
Who shall deny, or whom with thee compare?

But thou'rt not dead, nor ever shall be so
  While men do live and deferent duty do;
'Gainst death is set defiant, deadly "no!"
  Wherewith their minds shall victors be for you.
Though thine own form no more on earth shall be,
  Though thou be gone, and wander to the skies,
From death Gwendolen shall declare thee free,
  And thou shalt woo us in Romola's eyes.
Thou shalt not be, as Maggie in the flood,
  Swept down forever in the bitter tide,
But where is worth most rightly understood,
  There thou shalt live, and with thy love abide.
When Time shall die, and leave oblivion's shore,
Thou too shalt die, but not this time before.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

"AL SODENLY SHE SWAPT ADOWN TO GROUND."

THE second week of January was half over, and it was the night of the Hunt Ball. What girl of eighteen, were her breast ever so gnawed by secret cark and care, could refrain from giving way to some excitement upon the occasion of her first dance, and that a dance which was to be danced by all Warwickshire's beauty and chivalry—a dance as distinguished, from a local standpoint, as that famous assembly in Belgium's capital which was scared by the thunder of distant guns, the prelude of instant war?

Daphne gave herself up wholly to the delight of the hour. She had been unusually cheerful and equable in her temper since New-Year's Day. That parental blessing, freely and ungrudgingly given, seemed to have sweetened her whole nature. She went to church with Madoline, and prayed with all her heart and soul, and listened without impatience to a string of seasonable platitudes, culled from the elder divines, and pronounced in a humdrum style of elocution by the Reverend Marmaduke Ferrers. She had been altogether blameless in her bearing and her conduct in this new-fledged year; so much so that Mrs. Ferrers had deigned to concede, with chilly patronage, that Daphne was beginning to become a reasonable being.

She had been fighting her inward battle honestly and bravely. She had avoided as much as possible that society which was so poisonously sweet to her. She had been less exacting to her devoted slave, Edgar. She had given more time to improving studies. She had taken up Mendelssohn's Lieder, and practiced them industriously, breathing, ah, too much soul into the pathetic passages; the deep ground-swell of melody which carries a passionate heart along on its fierce tide, and in its fervid feeling and exaltation of spirit is akin to the actual triumph of a happy love.

Unconscious of the danger, and resolutely bent on curing herself of a futile foolish attachment, she yet fed her passion with the fatal food of poetry and music, finding in every heroine she most admired, from Juliet to Enid, a love as utterly doomed to misery as her own. But all the while she was earnest in her desire to forget.

"If my namesake, in the pride of her purity, could fly from a god who adored her, surely it can not be hard for me to harden my heart against a man who does not care a straw for me," she told herself.

The day of the Hunt Ball brought pleasure enough to thrust aside every other thought. Miss Piper had done as well as if she had been born and bred in Paris. Daphne's white satin gown fitted the slim and supple figure to perfection. It was not the ivory tint of late years, but that exquisite pearly white, with a blackish tinge in the shadows, which one sees in old pictures. Daphne, with her wavy hair coiled at the back of her beautifully shaped head, and with just one spray of stephanotis nestling in the coils, looked like a Juliet painted by Sir Joshua. It was Juliet's dress, as Juliet used to be dressed by actresses of an age less given to the research of correctness and elaboration in costume. The single string of pearls on the pearly neck, the bodice modestly draping the lovely shoulders, the round white arms peeping from elbow-sleeves of satin and lace, the long loose gloves, the slender feet in white satin sandalled shoes, meant for dancing—not in those impossible high-heeled instruments of torture which Parisian bootmakers have inflicted on weak woman—all had something of an old-fashioned air; but it was a very lovely old fashion, and Madoline was delighted with the result.

"Rather *outré*, don't you think?" said Mrs. Ferrers, sourly contemplative of Daphne's fresh young beauty, which made her own complexion look so much yellower than usual, when she happened to glance across the girl's shoulder at her own face in the big cheval-glass. "A little too suggestive of Kate Greenaway's Baby Books."

She was trying to settle herself in her own panoply of state, a gorgeous arrangement in ruby velvet and cream-colored satin, which the little Frenchwoman in the Rue Vivienne had only sent off in time to reach Mrs. Ferrers two hours ago, keeping her in an agony of mind for the last three days. It was a very splendid gown, so slashed and draped and festooned that it was a mystery how it could ever be put together. The velvet cuirass laced up the back with thick gold cord, and fitted like a strait-waistcoat; and the ruby scarf was fringed with heavy bullion, which drooped above a stormy sea of cream-colored satin that went billowing and surging round the lady's legs till it met a long narrow streak of ruby velvet lined, which meandered for about twelve feet along the floor. That Mrs. Ferrers must be a nuisance to herself and everybody else in such a dress no one in their senses could doubt; but then, on the other hand, the gown was undoubtedly in the latest fashion, and was one which must evoke a pang of envy in every female breast.

"I don't wonder you look disdainfully at my short petticoats, Aunt Rhoda," said Daphne, smiling at the effect of her sandalled ankles, as she pirouetted before the looking-glass; "but I think, when it comes to dancing, I shall be better off than you with your velvet train."

"I am not likely to dance much," answered Mrs. Ferrers, with dignity. "Indeed, as a clergyman's wife, I don't know that I shall dance at all."

"Then you will have to sit with your train coiled round your feet to prevent people walking on it, and that will be worse," retorted Daphne.

It was a clear cold night, with a brilliant moon—a glorious night for a country drive; frosty, but not severe enough to make the roads slippery; besides, Boiler and Crock were the kind of horses that nobody hesitates to have roughed on occasion.

Sir Vernon had decided on escorting his daughters to the ball. It was a sacrifice of his own ease and comfort, but he felt that the occasion required it.

"I shall stay an hour," he said, "and then Rodgers can drive me home, and go back to fetch you later. It won't hurt the horses going over the ground a second time."

"Dear father," said Madoline, "it is so good of you to go with us!"

And now, after a reviving cup of tea, and careful wrapping in fur-lined cloaks and Shetland shawls, the three ladies and Sir Vernon conveyed themselves into the roomy landau, and were soon bowling along the smooth high-road toward Stratford. What a transformed and sublimized place the little town seemed to-night, all lights and people, and loud and authoritative constabulary! Such an array of carriages, three abreast in the wide street in front of the Red Horse! such a block in the narrower regions about the Town-hall! so much confusion, despite of such loud endeavors to maintain order!

It seemed to Daphne as if they were going to sit in the carriage all night, with the humbler towns-folk peering in at them from the pavement, and making critical remarks to each other in painfully distinct voices.

"Ain't the fair one pretty?" "The dark one's the handsomest." "My eye! look at the old lady's diamonds!" "That's Lord Willerby." "No, it ain't, stoopid." "I see the coronet on the kerridge." "My! what lovely hair she's got!" "White satin, ain't it?" And so on, while cornets and violins sounded in the distance with distracting melody.

"It'll be dreadful if we have to sit in the street quite all the evening," said Daphne, listening hopelessly to the voice of authority, with its perpetual "Move on, coachman!"

They waited about twenty minutes, and then slowly drove up to the doorway, where the eager faces of the crowd made a hedge on each side. Difficult to believe that this entrance hall, luminous with lamps and bright with flowers, was the same which gave admittance to such prosaic beings as town-clerks and vestry-men, justices of the peace and policemen. Edgar and Gerald were both hovering near the doorway, waiting for the South Hill party. Edgar at the risk of being accused of deserting his mother, whom he had established in a comfortable corner of the ball-room, and then incontinently left to her own reflections, or to such conversation as she might be able to find among sundry other dowagers arrived at the same wall-flower stage of existence.

"I thought you were never coming," said Edgar, offering Daphne his arm, and in a manner appropriating her.

"I thought we were going to spend the evening in the street," answered Daphne.

Gerald gave his arm to Madoline; Sir Vernon followed with his sister, whose high-heeled Louis Quinze shoes matched her gown to perfection, but were not adapted for locomotion. Happily she was a light and active figure, and managed to trip up the broad oak stairs somehow; though she felt as if her feet had been replaced by the primitive style of wooden leg, the mere dot-and-go-one drumstick, with which the Chelsea pensioner used to be accommodated before the days of elaborate mechanical arrangements in cork and metal.

The ball-room was already crowded, the South Hill party having arrived late, by special desire of Aunt Rhoda, who strongly objected to be among those early comers who roam about empty halls dejectedly, taking the chill off the atmosphere for the late arrivals. Dancing was in full swing, and the assembly in the big ball-room made a blaze of color against the delicate French gray walls; the pink of the fox-hunters and the uniforms of the officers from Warwick and Coventry showing vividly amongst the pale and airy drapery of their partners. There were more than two hundred in the room already, Edgar told Daphne, as he pointed out the beauties of the scene.

"I dare say there'll be nearer three hundred before midnight," he said. "It's going to be a grand affair. Only once in two years, you see: people save themselves up for it. A lot of fellows in pink, aren't they?"

"Yes. Why didn't you wear a scarlet coat? It's much prettier than black."

"Do you really think so? If I'd known—" faltered Edgar. "But I felt sure you would have laughed at me if I'd sported the swallow-tail I wear at hunt dinners sometimes."

"I dare say I should," Daphne answered, coolly; "but you'd have looked ever so much nicer, all the same."

Edgar felt regretful. He had debated with himself that question of pink or no pink; and the thought of Daphne's possible ridicule had turned the scale in favor of sober black; and now she told him he would have looked better in the more distinctive garb: and there were fellows who could hardly jump a drain-pipe showing off in their Poole or Smallpage coats, and giving themselves Nimrod airs which imposed upon the sweet simplicity of their partners.

The room was a noble room, long and lofty, divided from a spacious antechamber by a wide square doorway, supported by classic pillars. Over this doorway was the open gallery for the band. The ball-room was lighted by a large central chandelier, and two sun-burners in the ceiling, while from lyre-shaped medallions on the walls projected modern gas brackets in imitation of old-fashioned girandoles of the wax-candle period.

There were four full-length portraits on the walls. The Duke of Dorset, by Romney; a portrait of Queen Anne, as uninteresting as that harmless lady was in the flesh. The remaining two pictures had to do with the local divinity. One was Gainsborough's portrait of Garrick leaning against the bust of Shakspeare; the other was the poet, seated, in his habit as he lived, by Wilson.

"You see," said Gerald, close behind Daphne, "there is the Warwickshire idol. One can't get away from him. Why can these bucolics worship nothing but the intellectual emanation of their soil? Why not a little homage to muscular Christianity, in the person of Guy, Earl of Warwick—a Paladin of the first water; a man who rescued damsels, and fought with giants and dun cows, and was strong and brave and faithful, pious, self-sacrificing, devoted in every act of his life? There is a hero worthy of worship. Yet you all ignore him, and bow down before this golden calf of a dramatist, who sued his friend for a twopenny loan, and left the wife of his bosom a second-best bedstead; a paltry fellow beside Guy, the hero hermit, living on bread and water, and only revealing himself at his death to the wife he adored."

"Guy was a very nice person, if one could quite believe in the giant and the dun cow," said Daphne.

"I believe implicitly in Colbrand the giant," answered Gerald, "but I own I have never been able to swallow the monster cow; and I am all the more inclined to repudiate her because her bones were on view at Warwick in Shakspeare's time."

"And it was very sweet of him to end his days so quietly in the hermit's cave at Guy's Cliff," pursued Daphne, who was well versed in all Warwickshire lore, chiefly by oral instruction from Edgar, "and to take alms from his own wife every morning, as one of the thirteen beggars she was in the habit of relieving—though I have never quite understood why he did it; but in spite of all these grand acts of Guy's we know nothing of the man himself, while Shakspeare is like one's brother. He has sounded the deep of every mind, and has given us the treasures of his own."

"I suspect he would rather have given anything than his money," retorted Gerald.

They had penetrated to Mrs. Turchill's corner by this time. That matron was looking the picture of disconsolate solitude, the dowager with whom she had been talking about her servants and her trades-people having left her to look after a brace of somewhat go-ahead daughters, who, in pale blue silk jerseys and tight cream-colored cashmere skirts, looked very much as if they were attired for some acrobatic performance. Mrs. Turchill brightened at the sight of Madoline.

"I am so glad you have come!" she exclaimed. "The room is dreadfully crowded, and there are so many strangers!" This was said resentfully, no stranger having any more right to be present, from Mrs. Turchill's point of view, than Pentheus at his mother's party. "I feel as if I hardly knew a creature here."

"Oh, mother, when there are the Hilldrops, and the Westerns, and the Hilliers, and the Perkinses!" remonstrated Edgar, running over a string of names.

"All I can say is that if there are any of my friends in the room, no one has taken the trouble to bring them to me," retorted Mrs. Turchill. "And for any enjoyment I have had from the society of my friends, I might as well be at that horrid Academy conversazione for which you took so much trouble to get tickets the year before last, and where I was jammed into a corner of the sculpture-room half the evening, with rude young women sitting upon me."

Here Sir Vernon and Mrs. Ferrers approached, and Mrs. Turchill resumed her company smile in honor of people of such importance. Aunt Rhoda had been exchanging greetings with the cream of the county people during her leisurely progress through the rooms, and felt that her gown was a success, and that the little woman in the Rue Vivienne was worth her hire. Everybody was looking at Daphne. Her youth and freshness; her vivid smiles and natural girlish animation, as she conversed now with Edgar, and anon with Gerald, fascinated every one; it was a manner entirely without reserve, yet with no taint of forwardness or coquetry—the manner of a happy child, whose sum of life was bounded by the delight of the moment, rather than of a woman conscious of her loveliness, and knowing herself admired.

"Who is that pretty girl in the white satin frock—the girl like an old picture?" people were asking, somewhat to the annoyance of older stagers in the beauty trade, who felt that here was a new business opened, which threatened competition, stock in trade of the best quality, and perfectly new.

One young lady, whose charms had suffered the wear and tear of seven seasons, contemplated Daphne languidly through her eyeglass, and summed her up with scornful brevity as "the little Gainsborough girl."

"Quite too lovely, for the next six months," said another, "for her beauty depends entirely on her complexion. A year hence she will have lost all that brightness, and will be a very wishy-washy little person."

"And then I suppose she'll paint, as the others do, don't you know," drawled her partner—"carmine her lips, and all that sort of thing."

The lady looked at him suspiciously, out of the corner of a carefully darkened eyelid.

"Let us hope she won't sink quite so low as that!" she said, with dignity.

There was no doubt as to Daphne's triumph. Before she had been an hour in the room, she was the acknowledged belle of the ball. People went out of their way to look at her. She walked once round the rooms on her father's arm, and in that slow and languid progress held, as it were, her court. It was her first public appearance; her father's friends clustered round him, eager to be presented to the débutante. Stately dowagers begged that she might be made known to them. All the best people in the room knew Sir Vernon, and all professed a friendly desire to know his younger daughter. Her card was full before she knew what she was doing.

"Our little Daphne is a success!" said Gerald to his betrothed, as they glided round the room in a languorous trois-temps. "All the Apollos are running after her."

"I am so glad! Dear child, it is such a pleasure to see her happy!" answered Madoline, softly.

"I hope her head won't be turned by all this adulation. It is such a poor little puff-ball of a head. I sometimes fancy she has thistle-down inside it instead of brains."

"Indeed, dear, she has plenty of sense and serious feeling," remonstrated Madoline, wounded by this allegation. "But she is painfully sensitive. She needs very tender treatment."

"Poor butterfly!"

"Do you like her dress?"

"It is simply perfect. Your taste, of course."

"Yes; she let me have my own way in the matter."

"And as a reward she is looking her loveliest. It is not the calm beauty of a princess, like my Lina's; but for a spoiled-child kind of prettiness, capricious, mutinous, variable, there could be nothing better."

Later he was at Daphne's side, as she sat in a corner by her aunt, with half a dozen young men hovering near, Edgar nearest of all, holding her fan.

"I suppose you have saved at least one dance for me, Empress?" he said, taking her programme from her hand.

"I don't know. All sorts of people have been writing down their names."

"All sorts of people!" echoed Gerald, examining the card. "You will be a little more respectful about your partners in your seventh or eighth season. Why, here, under various hieroglyphics, are the very topmost strawberries in the social basket—masters of fox-hounds, eldest sons of every degree, majors and colonels—and not one little waltz left for me. I claim you for the first extra."

"I—I'm rather afraid I'm engaged for the extras."

"No matter. You were solemnly engaged to me for one particular waltz when first this ball was spoken of at South Hill. You don't remember, perhaps; but I do. I claim my bond. I will be a very Shylock in the exaction of my due."

"If you were a better Shakspearean, it would occur to you that Shylock got nothing," retorted Daphne, smiling up at him.

"He was an old idiot. Remember, the first extra valse. We shall meet at Philippi."

He was off to claim Lina for the Lancers. It was the last dance before supper. Sir Vernon had disappeared ever so long ago. Mrs. Ferrers was standing up with a major of dragoons, in all the splendor of his uniform, and felt that she and her partner made an imposing picture. Edgar and Daphne were sitting out this square dance on the stairs, the girl somewhat exhausted by much waltzing, the man exalted to the seventh heaven of bliss at being permitted to bear her company.

"May I take you down to supper?" he asked.

"Thanks, no. My last partner—the man in the red coat—"

"Clinton Chetwynd, master of the Harrowby Harriers!" interjected Edgar.

"—told me that the best dancing will be when two-thirds of the people are gormandizing down stairs. You can get me an ice, if you like."

Edgar obeyed; but when he came back with the ice, Daphne had vanished from the landing, and he got himself entangled in a block of people struggling down to supper.

The rooms below—those solemn halls in which on ordinary occasions the local offender stood at the bar of justice to answer for his misdeeds—were now a scene of glitter and gayety; flower-wreathed épergnes, barley-sugar pagodas, and all the tinselly splendor of a ball supper. Bar and bench and magisterial chairs had vanished as if by magic. The magistrates' private apartment and the justice hall had been thrown into one spacious banqueting chamber, where even the proverbial greediness of the best society—the people who tread upon each other's toes, and rush for the grapes and peaches at Buckingham Palace—might be satisfied without undue scrambling. But though there would have been room for him at the banquet, and although there were any number of eligible young ladies waiting to be taken down, Edgar scorned the idea of a supper which Daphne did not care for. To have sat by her, squeezed into some impossible corner of a rout-seat, to have fought for lobster salad for her, and guarded her frock from the ravages of awkward people, and pulled cracker bonbons with her, would have been bliss; but the festal board without her would be every whit as funereal a banquet as the famous sable feast at which that cheerful practical joker Domitian entertained his courtiers.

Mr. Turchill found a good-natured fox-hunter to take his mother down, and having seen that lady's silver-gray satin—newly done up with violet velvet by Miss Piper for the occasion—making its deliberate way down the broad staircase on the sportsman's sturdy scarlet arm, Edgar went back to the almost empty ball-room, where about fifteen or twenty couples were revolving to the last sugary-sweet German waltz, "Glaubst du nicht."

Daphne and Gerald were among these; Madoline was sitting with some girl friends in the entrance of one of the windows, and to this point Edgar made his way.

"You've not been down to supper," he remarked, by way of saying something original.

"Do you know, I don't much care about going down. If Gerald particularly wishes it, I shall go after this dance; but I think I should enjoy a little chicken and a cup of tea when I get home better than the scramble down stairs."

The waltzers were dropping off by degrees; but Gerald and Daphne still went on revolving with gliding languid steps to the dreamy melody. They moved in exquisite harmony, although this was the first time they had ever waltzed together. Never in the twilight dances at South Hill had Mr. Goring asked Daphne to be his partner. He had been content to stand outside in the porch, smoking his cigarette, and looking on, while she and Edgar waltzed, or to take a few lazy turns afterward with Madoline to Daphne's music. To-night for the first time his arm encircled her; her sun-lit head rested against his shoulder. It seemed to him that his hand had never clasped hers since that summer day at Fontainebleau, just a year and a half ago, when they had stood by the golden water, with the hungry-eyed carp watching them, and a sky of molten gold above their heads. They had been far apart since that day, dissevered by an impalpable abyss; and now for the moment they were one, united by that love-sick melody, their pulses stirred by the same current. Was it strange that in such a moment Gerald Goring forgot all the world except this perfect flower of youth and girlhood which he held in his arms—forgot his betrothed wife, and all her grace and beauty? lived for the moment, and in the moment only, as butterflies live—with a past not worth remembering, and annihilation for their only future. As the dancers dropped off, the band played slower and slower, meaning to expire in a rallentando, and those two waltzers, gliding round, drifted unawares into the outer and smaller room, where there was no one.

"Glaubst du nicht," sighed the band—"Glaubst du nicht, ach Liebchen, glaubst du nicht"; and with the last sigh of the melody Gerald bent his lips over Daphne's golden hair, and breathed a word into her ear—only one word, wrung from him in despite of himself. But that one word, so breathed from such lips, was all the history of a passionate love which had been fought against in vain. The last sigh of the music faded as the word was spoken, and Daphne was standing by her partner's side, white as ashes.

"Take me back to my sister, please."

He gave her his arm without a word, and they walked slowly across to the group by the window; but before Madoline could make room for Daphne to sit by her side, the girl tottered, and would have fallen if Edgar had not caught her in his arms.

"She is fainting!" he cried, alarmed. "Some water—brandy—something!" He dashed open the window, still holding Daphne on his left arm. The frosty night air blew in upon them, keen and cold. Daphne's white lips trembled, and the dark gray eyes opened, and looked round with a bewildered look, as she sank slowly into the seat beside Madoline, whose arms were supporting and embracing her.

"My darling, you have danced too much. You have overexcited yourself," said Madoline, tenderly, while three or four smelling-bottles came to the rescue.

"Yes, that last dance was too much," faltered Daphne, cold and trembling in her sister's arms. "But I'm quite well now, Lina. It was nothing. The heat of the room."

"And you are tired. We'll go home directly we can find Aunt Rhoda."

"I'll go and hunt for her," said Gerald, who had been standing vacantly looking on, his brain on fire, his heart beating tumultuously, the vulture conscience gnawing his vitals already.

He had been thinking of Rousseau's Julie, and that first kiss given in the bosquet—the fatal first kiss—the beginning of all evil.

"My sweeter Julie—so much more lovely—so much more innocent," he thought, as he went slowly down stairs in quest of the ruby velvet arrangement which incased Mrs. Ferrers. "God give me grace to respect you!"

The winter wind rushed into the heated ball-room with a sharp chill breath that was suggestive of another and colder world, like the deadly air exhaled from a vault, and soon steadied Daphne's reeling brain.

"You see I am not such a good waltzer as I thought I was," she said, looking up at Edgar with a sickly smile. "I did not think anything could make me giddy."

"You would rather go home now, would you not, dear?" asked Madoline. "You have had enough of the ball."

"More than enough."

"Let me fetch your wraps from the cloak-room," said Edgar. "It will save you a good deal of trouble."

"If you would be so very kind."

"Delighted. Give me your ticket. Seventy-nine. All under one number, I suppose?"

He ran off, and this time had to stem the tide setting in toward the ball-room—the young men and maidens who had eaten their supper and were eager for more dancing. Coming back with a pile of cloaks and shawls on his arm, he joined Gerald and Mrs. Ferrers, her red-coated major still in attendance.

"What can Daphne mean by making a spectacle of herself at her first ball?" asked Aunt Rhoda, not a little aggrieved at being ruthlessly dragged away from a knot of the very best people—a little group of privileged ones, which included a countess and two baronets' wives. "But it is just like her."

"There was no affectation in the matter, I can assure you," said Edgar, indignantly; "she looked as white as death."

"Then she should have danced less. I detest any exhibition of that kind. I'm very glad my brother was not here to see it."

"I think Sir Vernon has had so much reason to be proud of his daughter this evening that he would readily have forgiven her iniquity in fainting," retorted Edgar, his blood at boiling-point from honest indignation.

Daphne, wrapped in a long white cashmere cloak, lined with white fur, looked very pale and ghost-like as she went slowly through the rooms on Edgar's arm, attacked on her way by the reproaches of the partners with whom she was breaking faith by this untimely departure.

"I'm awfully sorry," she said, with a faint touch of her natural gayety, "but I'll pay my debts this time two years. The engagements can stand over."

When the biennial hunt ball comes round at Stratford-on-Avon there are some, perhaps, who will remember her promise, and the pale, pathetic face, and white-robed figure.

Five minutes later the three ladies were seated in their carriage, Mrs. Ferrers still grumbling, while Edgar lingered at the door, adjusting Daphne's wraps.

Just as he was going to shut the door, having no excuse for further delay, Daphne took his hand and clasped it with friendly warmth.

"How good you are!" she said, softly, looking up at him with eyes that to his mind seemed lovelier than all the lights of the firmament, infinitely glorious on this frosty night in the steel-blue sky. "How good you are! how stanch, and true!"

It was only well-merited praise, but it moved him so deeply that he had no power to answer, even by the smallest word. He could only grasp the slender little hand fervently in his own, and then shut the carriage door with a bang, as if to drown the tumult of his own heart.

"Home, coachman!" he called, in a choking voice—an entirely superfluous mandate, neither coachman nor footman nor horses having the least idea of going anywhere else.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REV. DR. E. H. CHAPIN.

THOUGH not unexpected, the news of the death of the Rev. Dr. CHAPIN has been received with sincere sorrow in all parts of the country. He had been so long one of the foremost of American preachers and lecturers that it will be difficult to fill his place. The CHAPINS are an ancient New England family, and were among the early settlers of Springfield, Massachusetts. EDWIN H. CHAPIN was born in Washington County, New York, December 29, 1814. In his boyhood his parents moved to Bennington, Vermont, and in the High School of this town he received his early education. He next began the study of law in Troy, New York, but very soon the law was exchanged for editorial life in Utica. After a short experience as assistant editor of the *Magazine and Advocate*, a Universalist periodical, he entered the ministry, and in 1837 was ordained, and settled in Richmond, Virginia. From 1840 to 1846 he was settled in Charlestown, Massachusetts, and in the latter year he became the associate of Dr. HOSEA BALLOU, one of the leaders of the Universalist denomination, and then pastor of the School Street Church, Boston. Dr. CHAPIN'S New York life began with the year 1848, when he was called to the charge of the Fourth Universalist Church. With this congregation he remained till his death; its prosperity under his care was very great. Moving up town from point to point, its present resting-place is the beautiful edifice on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-fifth Street. Here on any Sunday, in the pastor's vigorous years, a congregation might be found made up of representatives of every division of the United States.

Dr. CHAPIN was one of the princes of the American pulpit. In action and elocution he was faultless. His deep rich voice without effort penetrated every recess of his spacious church. One of the features of his Sunday morning service was the reading by him of a psalm, his well-trained choir chanting the alternate verses. It was difficult for the ear to determine which was the more musical, the preacher's reading or the choir's chant. His sermons were carefully written, but were interspersed in their delivery with extemporaneous passages of remarkable beauty and power. In the discussion of his themes he exhibited a power of wide generalization, no doubt the product of a generous culture. He was the reverse of dogmatic in his spirit, and seldom referred to the distinctive doctrines of Universalism. Once only did the writer of this notice hear such a reference—at the funeral of HORACE GREELEY; Dr. CHAPIN spoke then briefly but pointedly of Mr. GREELEY'S firm adherence to the faith of the Universalist Church. One of his published sermons on the passage, "Ye must be born again," follows, in its exposition and inculcation, the method common in the treatment of the theme to all evangelical preachers.

Dr. CHAPIN was an intelligent observer of current events, and without being sensational, could use them with telling effect in his discourses. He had a scorn of injustice, and struck it fearlessly, but with a blended dignity and power which gave his words double weight. Indeed, excess and extravagance were alien to his nature; he felt and spoke strongly, but with that just measure of expression which carried conviction to his hearers.

The congregation of Dr. CHAPIN was a notable one; it was largely composed of men whose faces betokened active brains. One could readily conjecture that a considerable portion of the hearers were persons outside of all churches. Before the appearance of the preacher, the suppressed hum of voices in conversation struck a stranger as irreverent, but the first tones of his voice wove a spell which hushed and subdued the mass of humanity before him till the final "Amen" was uttered. The listening was no decorous make-believe; but strained, absorbed attention attested that they were his captives until it pleased him to drop the threads with which he held them fast

The published works of Dr. CHAPIN have had a wide circulation. Among them are *Moral Aspects of City Life; Christianity the Perfection of Manliness; Characters in the Gospels; A Token for the Sorrowing*. They are marked by a broad spirit of humanity, a sympathetic interest in all classes and conditions of men.

LIFE-BOAT DRILL AT SEA.

IT is the custom on all well-regulated steamships to exercise the crew, during calm weather at sea, in the life-boat and the fire drill, in order to prepare for any emergency that may arise. Our double-page illustration shows the crew of a large ocean steamer preparing to launch the life-boat. We can well imagine a very different scene from this, if the launch was in response to the thrilling cry of "Man overboard!" or if the life-boat was to be sent on a perilous trip through the surf, bearing a living freight of fugitives from a stranded wreck. In our picture the proceeding is watched with a lazy interest, bordering on indifference, although the drill is of the utmost importance in teaching the crew promptness and celerity in case their services should be required in earnest.

BENJAMIN K. PHELPS.

BENJAMIN K. PHELPS, District Attorney of the city and county of New York, died in this city on the 30th of December, after an illness of nearly four months, at the early age of forty-eight. He had always enjoyed robust health, and never had a serious illness until last September, when he began to complain of indisposition, and sought quiet and restoration in the country. His malady increased, and his general health gradually failed; but he remained cheerful, and his physicians did not anticipate a fatal result until after the recent death of his wife. Mrs. PHELPS had been an invalid for nearly two years, and her helpless condition was the cause of much anxiety to her husband. Her death ten days ago was a terrible shock to him, and he never rallied from its effects. He was confined to his bed at the time of her death. On the day of the funeral he insisted on getting up and being present at the service in the house. He appeared, leaning on the arm of his son; but before the service had been concluded, he fainted away, and was carried back to his room. He never left his bed afterward.

Mr. PHELPS was a native of Massachusetts. He was born at Haverhill in 1832, studied at Yale, and graduated from that college in 1853. Mr. PHELPS, having studied law in New Hampshire, and afterward in Westchester County, New York, was in 1855 admitted to the bar in Poughkeepsie, and the following year opened an office in this city, where he has since been engaged in the active pursuit of his profession.

In 1866, Mr. PHELPS entered the office of the United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York as an assistant, and remained there, under District Attorneys COURTNEY and PIERREPONT, until 1870, when he returned to private practice. While United States Assistant District Attorney Mr. PHELPS represented the government in many important litigations, and in 1869 was sent down to North Carolina to take charge of the proceedings commenced there against the steamer *Hornet* and her officers, who were charged with a violation of the neutrality laws. Mr. PHELPS was first elected District Attorney of the city and county of New York in the fall of 1872, and was re-elected in 1875 and 1878.

Mr. PHELPS was a man of great ability. In court he was eminent for courtesy and fairness. A writer in the New York *Tribune* says of him: "He was never known to be discourteous to opposing counsel; he was never insulting, though oftentimes sarcastic, and he had the rare quality of being always able to control his temper. It was his custom to take a broad view of the cases he was called on to try, and while fulfilling his duty to the letter as prosecuting officer, he never permitted himself to degenerate into a persecutor. He always recognized the rights of the prisoner at the bar. It was not his aim to convict a prisoner of murder in the first degree when the verdict should be one of manslaughter. He was a convincing speaker before a jury. His language was plain, his manner quiet; his facts were always calmly and intelligently presented, and his deductions were almost invariably justly drawn. In a word, he was the ideal public prosecutor."

The death of Mr. PHELPS is a serious loss to the legal profession and the city government. His ability and efficiency as an executive officer are shown by the amount of work which was accomplished during the time he had charge of the District Attorney's office. Twice as many cases were disposed of in each of his several terms as in any of the terms of his predecessors. The portrait of Mr. PHELPS will be found on page 37.

SPIDER LORE.

THE spider, which in daily life is little noticed except for its cobweb, the presence of which in a house generally betokens neglect, has, however, an interesting history, being the subject of many a curious legend and quaint superstition. Although the servant oftentimes ruthlessly sweeps this uncared-for intruder off the wall when seen, yet a common proverb reminds us that

"If you wish to live and thrive,
Let the spider run alive,"

ill-luck being supposed to quickly overtake those who kill or even so much as injure it. The regard which is paid by many to the life of the spider is in all probability due to the influence of an old legend which tells how, when Christ lay in the manger at Bethlehem, the spider came and spun a beautiful web over the spot where He was, thus preserving His life by screening Him from all the dangers that surrounded Him. Stories of a similar character are told about several notable persons during times of persecution. Thus there is a Hebrew tradition relating to King David. When escaping from Saul in the desert of Ziph, a spider is said to have spun a web over the cave in which he was concealed, causing his pursuers to believe that no one could be hidden there. Mohammed, too, in his flight from Mecca, is reported to have been saved by a spider and a pigeon. When his enemies reached the cave where he rested, and found a spider's web across the mouth, and a pigeon in her nest just above, they at once concluded that the place had not recently been disturbed, or the web would have been destroyed. It was a notion formerly prevalent in many parts of Scotland that should a servant willfully kill a spider, she would certainly break a piece of crockery or glass in the course of the day.

Another reason why the spider is protected against ill-usage is from a superstitious fancy that it brings prosperity. Thus, in some parts of England, it is known as the "money-spinner," and prognosticates good luck. In order to propitiate it, the peasant oftentimes throws it over his left shoulder. In some places it is said that if the "money-spider" be found on a person's clothes, it is an omen that he will shortly have money, in allusion to which old Fuller quaintly moralizes: "When a spider is found upon our clothes, we used to say some money is coming toward us. The moral is this: Such who imitate the industry of that contemptible creature, by God's blessing weave themselves into wealth, and procure a plentiful estate."

The spider has from time immemorial been a favorite charm in the cure of certain diseases. Thus in Norfolk, England, the parents of a child afflicted with whooping-cough are recommended to search for a spider in their own house, and on finding one to hold it over the head of the child, repeating three times the following rhyme,

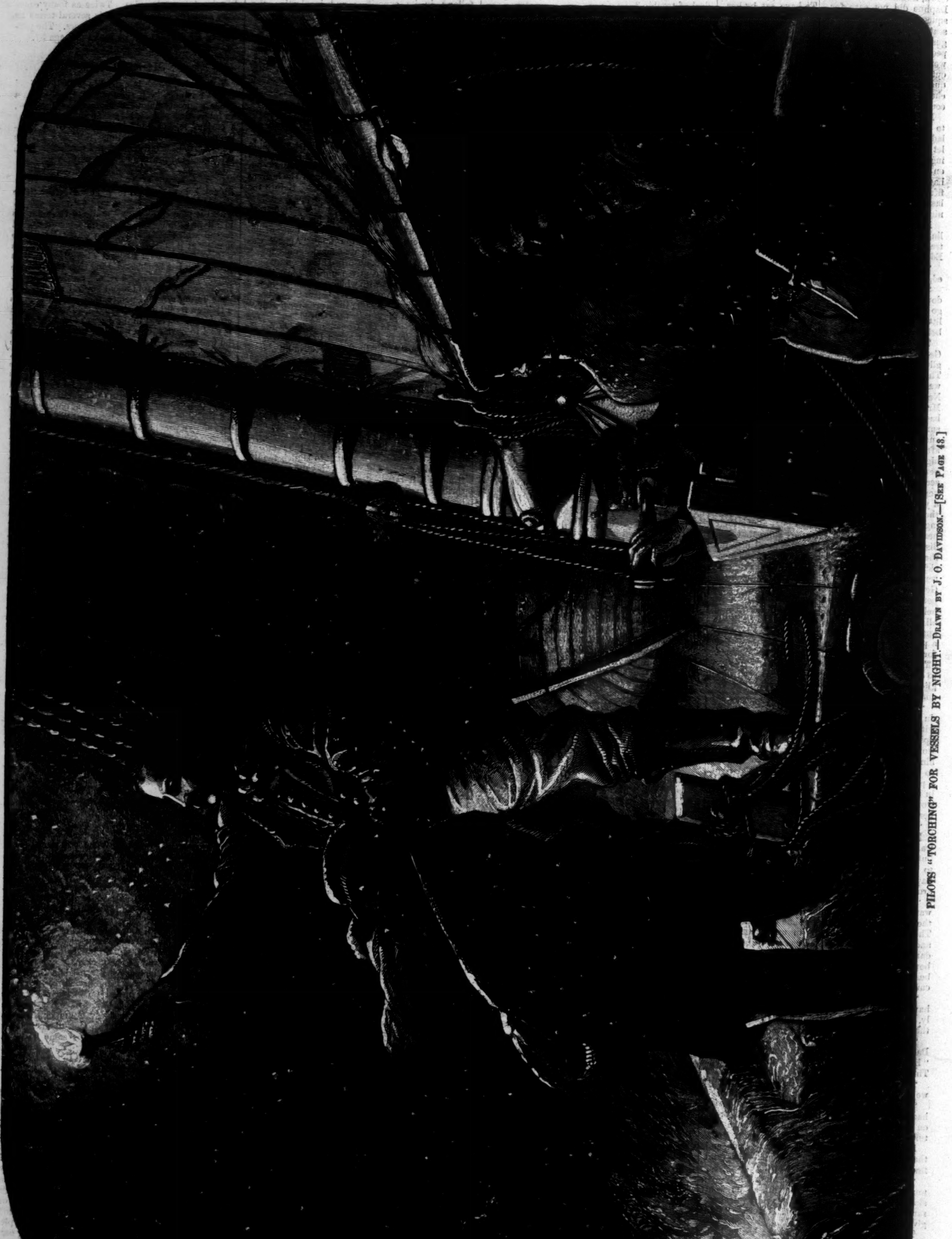
"Spider, as you waste away,
Whooping-cough no longer stay."

The spider must then be hung up in a bag over the mantel-shelf, and as it gradually dries up, so too the cough will disappear. As a remedy for ague, the spider has been considered most efficacious. Some years ago, a lady in the south of Ireland was celebrated far and near for her cure of this disorder. Her remedy was a large house-spider, taken alive, enveloped in molasses or preserve. Of course the parties were carefully kept in ignorance of what the wonderful remedy was. Sometimes a spider is put into a goose-quill, well sealed and secured, and hung about the patient's neck. Dr. Graham, in his *Domestic Medicine*, prescribed spiders' webs for ague and intermittent fever; and also names powder made of spiders given for the ague, and mentions his knowledge of a spider having been sewn up in a bag and worn as a periapt round the neck to charm away the ague. Another remedy consists in inclosing the spider between the two halves of a nutshell, and wearing it round the neck.

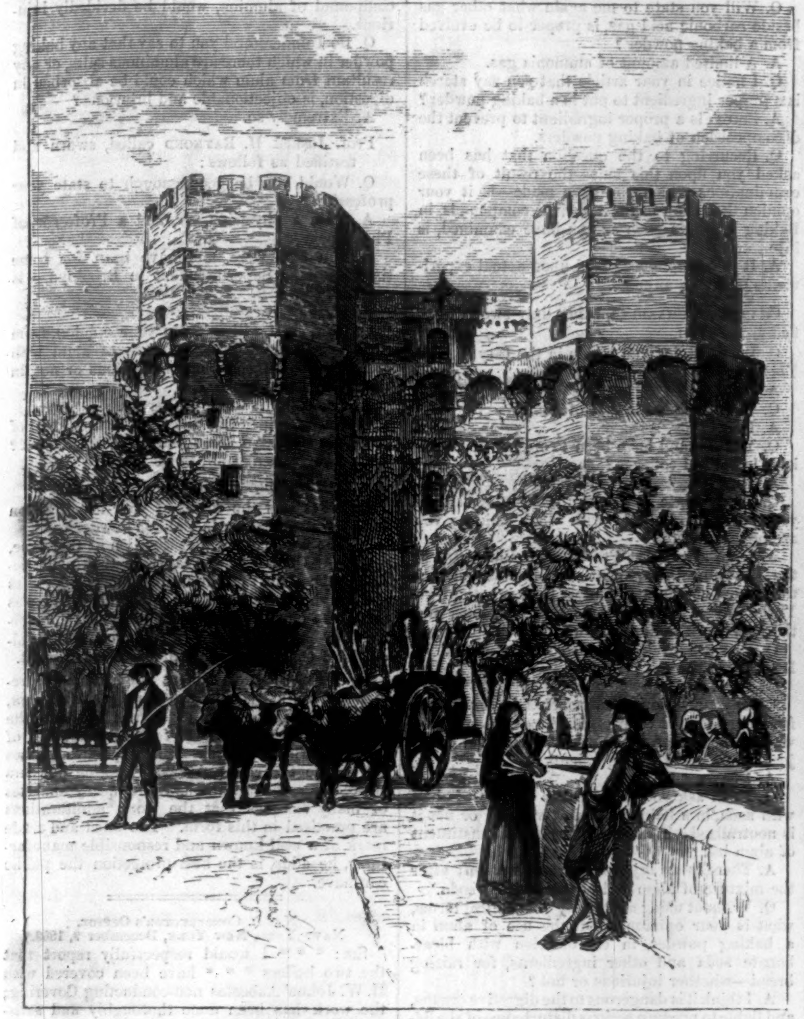
The spider is occasionally used in Sussex in cases of jaundice, many an old doctress prescribing "a live spider rolled up in butter." Once more, an old writer, speaking of warts, has the following quaint remarks: "Some chirurgeons there be that cure warts in this manner: they take a spider's web, rolling the same up on a round heap like a ball, and laying it upon the wart; they set fire on it, and so burn it to ashes, and by this way and order the warts are eradicated, that they never after grow again."

"TORCHING" FOR VESSELS.

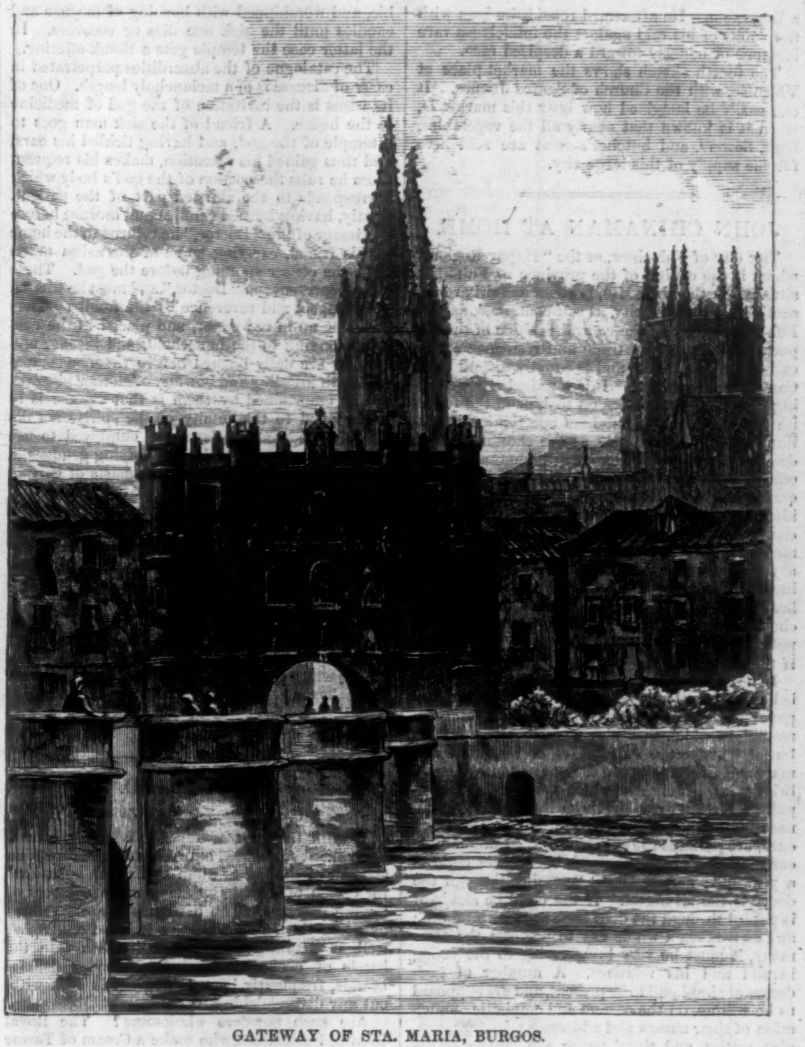
To those who sit before the fire in comfortable houses on a winter's night when the storm is raging without, and the blinding snow and sleet are falling thick and fast, but little is known of the hardships suffered by the men whose duty calls them to face the fury of the gale on the open sea. Of all this hardy class, none are braver than the pilots who run out a hundred miles or more from Sandy Hook to intercept home-bound ships and bring them safely into port. The picture on page 44 shows a pilot-boat coasting outside in the midst of a heavy snow-storm. One of the men is "torching" a vessel that has just been sighted. The torch is simply a handful of wick held in a wire-net ball on the end of a stick. The ball is dipped in turpentine and then lighted. Waving this is a signal inquiring if a pilot is wanted. If he is, the answering signal is a burning blue-light. In case a pilot is already on board, the fact is made known by the display of a fixed light.



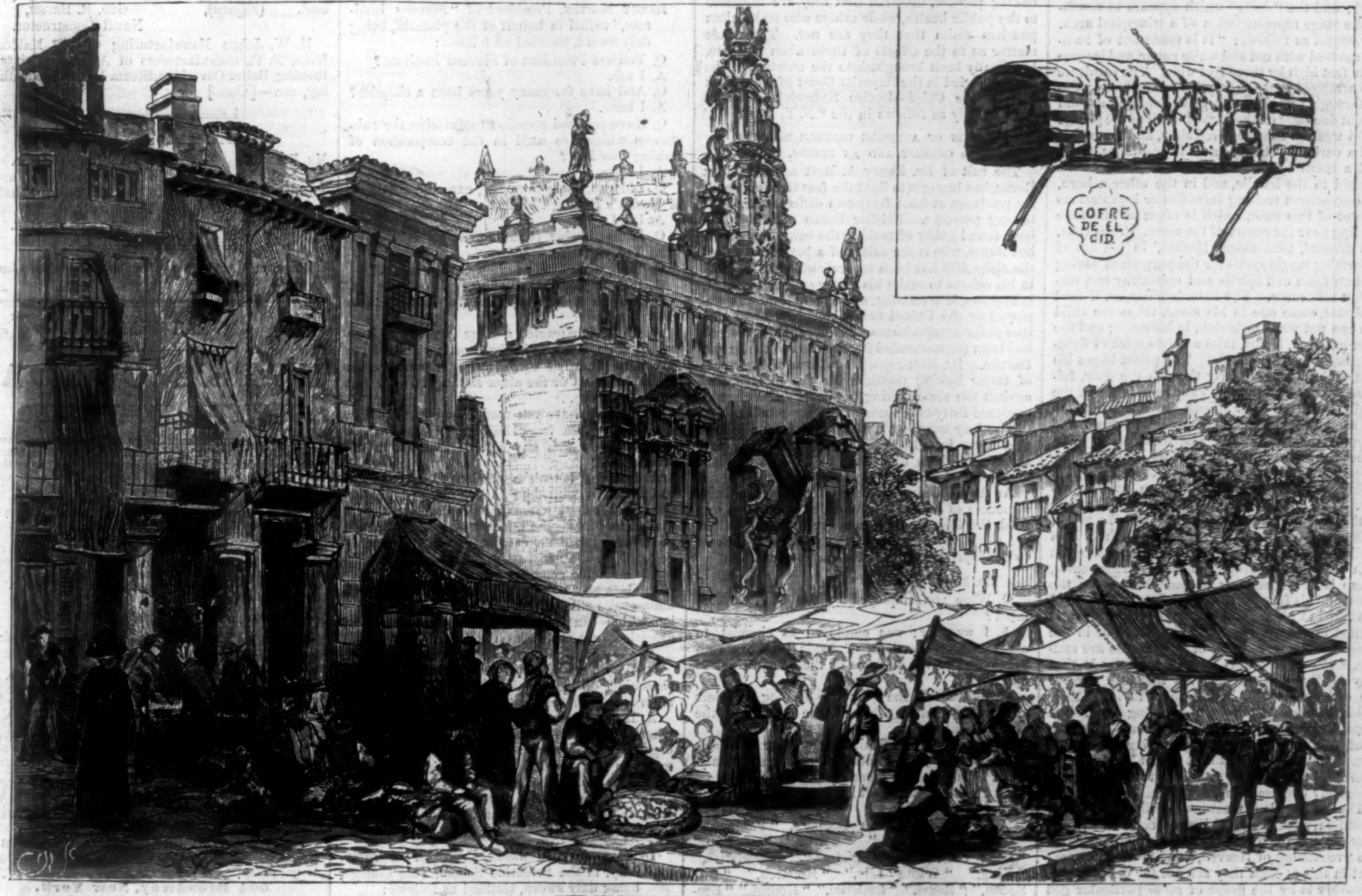
PILOTS' "TORCHING" FOR VESSELS BY NIGHT.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 48.]



THE PUERTA DE SERRANOS, VALENCIA.



GATEWAY OF STA. MARIA, BURGOS.


COFRE DE EL CID.

THE MARKET-PLACE, VALENCIA.

SKETCHES IN SPAIN.

SKETCHES IN SPAIN.

OUR first sketch, the Puerta de Serranos, represents one of the principal entrances to the ancient and picturesque city of Valencia. Two grand towers flank the narrow archway, above which there is rich tracery panelling the windows. The whole is surmounted by a cornice of deep machicolations.

The second sketch shows the gateway of Sta. Maria, Burgos. It is attached to the old walls, and faces the bridge which crosses the river Arlanzon. The rear of the gateway is massive thirteenth-century work, the front being a very picturesque jumble of circular towers, turrets, battlements, etc., in semi-Italian style. It was built by CHARLES the Fifth, and is decorated with statues of the Cid, FERNANDO GONZALEZ, Count DIEGO PORCELLO, and other heroes of Burgos.

The Cid, the great hero of Spanish legend and romance, was buried in the monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña, near Burgos. In accordance with his dying request, he was borne thither on his famous war-horse Babieca. The friendship between the Cid and his favorite horse is celebrated in many ballads. His last thoughts were of his swords and the noble steed that had borne him through many a stubborn fight. The final leave-taking is very touchingly described in a ballad translated by MRS. CONANT, in her *Primer of Spanish Literature:*

"'Bring in my Babieca'—the Cid a-dying lay—
'That I may say farewell to him before I pass away.'
The good horse, strong and gentle, full quiet did he keep,
His large soft eyes dilating, as though he fain would weep.
'I am going, dear companion; thy master rides no more.
Thou well deservest high reward: I leave thee this in store—
Thy master's name shall keep thy name until earth's latest day.'
And speaking not another word, the good Cid passed away."

The "Cofre del Cid" is a rough coffer clamped with iron, and now attached to the wall of a sort of lumber-room in the Cathedral of Burgos. The Cid, pressed for money when departing on an expedition against the Moors, filled this coffer with stones and pledged it to some Jews—who supposed it to contain valuable plate and jewels—for a large sum. He afterward repaid the loan with the spoils of his raid against the infidels—a rare instance of honesty toward a despised race.

The fourth sketch shows the market-place at Valencia, with the Church of Santos Juanes. It can easily be imagined how busy this market is, when it is known that nearly all the vegetables, fruit, flowers, and butcher's-meat are sold here for the supply of this large city.

JOHN CHINAMAN AT HOME.

THE city of Fuh-chow, or the "Happy Region," which is the capital of the province of Fuh-kien, situated on the river Min, is about as fairly representative a Chinese city, as self-contained, as any. Fuh-chow occupies the central position of the five ports open to foreign trade and residence at the end of the opium war, and is equally distant from Canton and Shanghai. It is a walled city, affording pleasant promenades on foot, or in the favorite Sedan-chairs; it numbers one million inhabitants, and is remarkable as the chosen place of dwelling in ease and dignity of numerous retired official dignitaries of the empire. It is a great literary centre; and at Fuh-chow is the official residence of the imperial commissioner, the literary chancellor, and the unofficial residences of many men of high literary attainments. All the literary graduates of the first degree over the province of Fuh-kien, which includes the large and beautiful island of Formosa, must appear at Fuh-chow twice in each period of five years to compete in the examination hall for the second degree, if they desire to compete for that degree at all.

In such a city Chinese social life may be studied to the best advantage. Fortune-telling and paper flowers accompany every action, from betrothal, in which they play a conspicuous part, to burial. There are ceremonies of betrothal and marriage, of worshipping the parents of bride and bridegroom; and those which precede and accompany a birth, especially those inflicted on a Chinese infant during his first three days of existence, are perhaps the silliest of all. Innumerable ceremonies are gone through before the child is a year old; among these, "passing through the door" is the strangest. If the child be sickly, it is passed through the door once or twice a month; and as it takes a whole day to perform the ceremony, it must be very invigorating to the young invalid and his relatives. A number of goddesses are implored to be present, and are supposed to be willing, on the correct and emphatic enunciation of their names and addresses; incense, candles, rattles, and tinsel paper are largely in demand; and the "door," which appears to resemble the stage representation of a triumphal arch, is arranged as follows: "It is made out of bamboo, covered with red and white paper, and is some seven feet high by three feet wide. The furniture is so arranged that the priests and the party passing through this door can go around and around without doubling on their track. One of the priests —who wears a fancy-colored shirt, and has on his head a curiously shaped head-dress—takes in one hand a small bell, or a sword having small bells fastened to the handle, and in the other a horn, and commences reciting formulas or incantations in front of this door, which is often at this time standing near the centre of the room. The priest, thus dressed, personates 'Mother,' in the act of performing magic spells for the purpose of saving children from evil spirits and unhealthy and malignant influences. The Paterfamilias, or, if dead or absent, some one in his stead, takes the child who can not walk, or is sick, in his arms; and the other children, if any, take a single stick of lighted incense in their hands. The priest blows his horn, and advances slowly through the door, followed by Paterfamilias and all the children of the family. All the other priests are at this time doing something to aid, as beating the drum and clapping their cymbals. The head priest brandishes the sword in the air, or in its place he sometimes flourishes a whip made in the shape of a snake, as though he was striking an invisible object. The door is then taken and placed at one of the four corners of the room; and the priest, father, and children again pass through it in a similar manner. It is then successively placed in each of the other corners, and again in the centre, where it is respectively passed through by the priest and his followers. Soon after this the door is hacked in pieces, and its parts set on fire, and burned in the open court of the house or in the street." The ceremonies of propitiation are endless, and one ludicrous part of the folly is that they fondly flatter themselves they can deceive the evil spirits, and induce them to leave their children unmolested, by pretending to dislike them, by subjecting them to certain insulting treatment, and especially by calling them bad names, of which "Buddhist priest," "beggar," "refuse," "dirt," are supposed to be the most effectively contumelious.

The superstitious treatment of disease is an extraordinary feature in Chinese social life. Death they account for by saying it is in accordance with the "reckoning of Heaven," and it would appear that in this at least they are not far out of theirs. Recovery is by the grace of some particular god or goddess. The general practice, as a preservative, is the propitiation of a certain destructive divinity, concerning whose operations they entertain a very uncomfortable notion. They imagine that this evil god works by mysterious influences existing between and among the members of a family, and resulting in illness. Hence, innumerable bribes offered to this pleasant familiar, and large profits to the Taouist priests. The formulas employed for the expulsion of deadly influences proceeding from evil spirits are painfully absurd, especially "the mandate of the arrow." This is an arrow-like utensil, two feet long, with the word "Command" upon it, which is begged by a dishevelled and weeping procession from the temple of some powerful god, set up in the centre of a table, and worshipped with burning of incense and candles until the sick one dies or recovers. In the latter case the temple gets a thank-offering.

The catalogue of the absurdities perpetrated in cases of disease is of a melancholy length. One of its items is the invitation of the god of medicine to the house. A friend of the sick man goes to a temple of the god, and having tickled his ears, and thus gained his attention, makes his request. Then he rubs the portion of the god's body which corresponds to the afflicted part of the patient. Lastly, having burned candles and incense before the image of the "Doctor," he returns to the home of his friend, carrying some of the ashes taken from the censer standing before the god. These ashes represent the "Doctor," and must be treated with respect and reverence by the family. They are done up in red paper, and placed in the censer belonging to the household, and incense and candles are daily burned before them, accompanied with kneeling and bowing. Another pleasant notion entertained by them is that disease is to be ascribed to the enmity of the spirit of a deceased person, and priests are employed to use the formula for dissolving or untying grudges, a portion of which performance consists of getting ten men to become "security" for the sick person. The ceremony of endeavoring to bring back the departing spirit by carrying about the sick man's clothes on a bamboo pole, with a number of antics in which a white cock and a bright mirror perform important parts, must be extremely trying to the gravity of even the most sympathizing foreigner. Hiring a priest to ascend a ladder of knives is an expensive but very favorite resource in cases of urgency; and the burning of a paper image, with a quantity of household stuff to enrich the holocaust, as a substitute for the invalid, is found very efficacious in cheating the god who desires his decease.

CONDEMNED.

(From *The New York Times.*)

WITHIN the past two years, a bitter controversy has been waged between manufacturers, on account of the use of alum as a cheap substitute for Cream of Tartar, by many manufacturers of baking powders. The handsome profits yielded by using the substitute have induced dealers as well as manufacturers to push them into the hands of consumers, sometimes under definite brands, frequently by weighing out in bulk without any distinguishing name.

Are such powders wholesome? The Royal Baking Powder Co., who make a Cream of Tartar baking powder, declared that they are injurious to the public health, while others who make alum powders claim that they are not. The whole matter as to the effects of these alum powders, has finally been brought into the courts, and the case was tried in the Superior Court of New York City before Chief-Justice Sedgwick, reported substantially as follows in the "N. Y. Sun."

CONCLUSION OF A LITTLE TROUBLE BETWEEN A CHEMIST AND AN EDITOR.

The suit of Dr. Henry A. Mott against Jabez Burns, has brought to light the fact that this country produces at least forty-two different kinds of baking powders. Neither Burns nor Mott has been found guilty of making the baking powders, but Burns, who is the editor of a periodical called the *Spice Mill* has been severely mulcted for libel in his efforts to make his paper spicy. Dr. Mott, it appears, is a chemist, and at one time was employed by the United States Government to analyze different specimens of baking powder which had been recommended for adoption to the Indian Bureau. Dr. Mott reported in favor of the cream of tartar baking powders for the Indians, and against the alum baking powders. The chemist analyzed forty-two kinds of baking powder.

The jury were out about half an hour. Then they came in with a verdict awarding Dr. Mott $8000, to which the Court made an additional allowance of $150.

As the public have a large interest in the wholesomeness of whatever it is called upon to use as food, the following extracts are introduced from the testimony of some of the prominent men as to the injurious effects of alum powders.

DR. MOTT.

Q. Were you employed by the U. S. Government?

A. I was, sir; was employed as chemist, to analyze all the articles of food; to express an opinion as to the analysis of their healthfulness and purity.

Q. Please tell the jury the Baking Powders that you examined while in the employ of the Government?

A. It would be difficult to remember them all; I could refer to my books; I examined twenty-eight powders; was given sixteen at first.

Q. Please state in which powders you found alum?

A. I found alum in Dooley's, "Patapsco," "Charm," "Vienna," "Orient," "Amazon," "Lake Side," "Twin Sisters," "Superlative," "King," "White Lily," "Monarch," "One Spoon," "Regal," "Imperial," "Honest," "Economical," "Excelsior," "Chartres," "Grant," "Giant," and the "Queen."

Q. Now, these powders mentioned in your communication in the *Scientific American*—"Dooley's," "Standard," "Patapsco," "Charm"—Baking Powder manufactured by C. E. Andrews, of Milwaukee, you stated you found alum; if you will please name the respective powder that you have examined—was it potash or ammonia alum, you found?

A. In the "Patapsco," "Charm," and in the Andrews, it was ammonia alum.

Q. What is the gas usually furnished by baking powders?

A. The object of baking powders is to furnish carbonic acid gas.

Q. Will you state to me again what other gas beside carbonic acid gas, is proper to be evolved from a baking powder?

A. A limited amount of ammonia gas.

Q. I notice in your article that you say starch is a proper ingredient to put in a baking powder?

A. Starch is a proper ingredient to prevent the decomposition of baking powders.

Q. Recurring to the question that has been asked you upon this suit—the result of these examinations which you have made—is it your opinion that alum in these various compounds, in Baking Powders such as you have examined, is injurious?

A. It is my opinion, based upon actual experiments on living animals.

CHARLES F. CHANDLER, being duly sworn, testified as follows:

Q. Dr. Chandler, you reside in the City of New York?

A. I do.

Q. Your business is that of a chemist?

A. It is.

Q. You are and have been Professor of Chemistry in several colleges?

A. I have.

Q. Please state how long that employment of yourself has been, and with what colleges you are now connected?

A. I am at present Professor of Chemistry in the Academic Department of Columbia College; the School of Mines, Columbia College; the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, and the New York College of Pharmacy.

Q. You are President, also, of the Board of Health, are you not?

A. I am.

Q. In your various employments, have you had frequent occasion to examine the question of the wholesomeness of food, and the beneficial or injurious effects of its ingredients?

A. I have.

Q. I will ask you in regard to the use of alum with soda, in a baking powder, whether or not it is neutralized—is there any injurious constituent of alum left?

A. There is an injurious constituent left after the mixture of alum and bicarbonate of soda.

Q. Without using any nicety of chemical terms, what is your opinion about the use of alum in a baking powder, in combination with bicarbonate soda and other ingredients, for raising bread—whether injurious or not?

A. I think it is dangerous to the digestive organs, and liable to produce serious disturbance of the liver of the individual making use of such powders.

HENRY MORTON, President of "Stevens Institute," called in behalf of the plaintiff, being duly sworn, testified as follows:

Q. You are President of Stevens Institute?

A. I am.

Q. And have for many years been a chemist?

A. I have.

Q. Have you had occasion to examine the substances which are used in the composition of Baking Powders?

A. I have.

Q. Did you, some time ago, examine a sample of Dooley's Baking Powder?

A. I did.

Q. Is that it, sir? [handing can].

A. Yes, sir; that is it.

Q. Well, what kind of alum did it contain?

A. It contained potash alum.

Q. Did you make any extract of that alum, to show the kind?

A. I did; I extracted a large quantity of it as potash alum, and it is in that bottle which I have now here [showing bottle]; that is potash alum which came out of the alum Baking Powder that was in that can.

Q. Now, sir, have you made any experiment in the bread made from Baking Powder, to see whether there was any soluble alumina in the bread itself?

A. I have; I took a portion of this powder and mixed it with flour in the directed proportions, and baked a small loaf with it; then I soaked this loaf—the interior part of it—in cold water, and made an extract, in which I readily detected, by the usual tests, alum—that is alumina in a soluble condition.

Q. Does any Baking Powder in which any alumina salts enter, contain alumina, in your opinion, which can be absorbed in the process of digestion—are not such objectionable?

A. Very decidedly objectionable, in my opinion.

Q. Why do you say—from what system of reasoning do you make it out—that because alum is injurious, alumina is injurious?

A. Because the injurious effects of alumina, when it gets into the stomach and reacts on the organs, are the same; this hydrate of alumina meets in the stomach the gastric juices, and reacts with them the same as alum would; it forms, in fact, a kind of alum in the stomach with those acids, and whatever alum would do, it would do.

Dr. **SAMUEL W. JOHNSON**, Professor of Chemistry, in the Scientific School, Yale College, being duly sworn, testified as follows:

Q. You have had much to do in the examination of substances that enter into food, and the adulteration of food?

A. More or less; yes, sir.

Q. After the use of alum with soda, in a baking powder, in your opinion, is there any injurious substance left?

A. In my opinion, there is an injurious substance left.

Q. What, sir, two years ago, was the prevailing opinion among scientific men, as to the effect of the use of alum in Baking Powders?

A. As far as my acquaintance with scientific men is concerned, my personal opinion is derived from my investigation and from reading; I should think the opinion was that alum, or any compound of alumina, would be decidedly injurious.

Q. Do I understand you to say that any baking powder in which there are aluminous salts, or any resultant from alum which could be absorbed in digestion, is objectionable and injurious?

A. Extremely so.

Prof. **JOSEPH H. RAYMOND** called, sworn and testified as follows:

Q. Would you be good enough to state your profession?

A. I am a physician, sir, and a Professor of Physiology.

Q. You also were, and have been for some time, Sanitary Superintendent in Brooklyn—is not that so?

A. I have, sir.

Q. Now, sir, I will ask you your opinion, from this experience, whether the use of alum with soda, in a baking powder, is injurious or not, in its physiological effects?

A. I consider it to be dangerous.

Q. You examined this question for the Board of Health in Brooklyn, some years ago, did you not?

A. Two years ago, sir, in December.

By the Court:

Q. What was the result of your investigation as to the use of alum in Baking Powder.

A. The result of my investigation at that time, was this: that the changes which took place between the time that alum baking powder was put in the bread, and the time the bread was eaten, the chemical changes were so little understood by chemists, that as a physician and physiologist, I considered it a dangerous experiment.

Dr. Mott, the Government chemist, in his review of the subject in the *Scientific American*, makes special mention of having analyzed the Royal Baking Powder, and found it composed of pure and wholesome materials. He also advises the public to avoid purchasing baking powders as sold loose or in bulk, as he found by analyses of many samples that the worst adulterations are practised in this form. The label and trade mark of a well known and responsible manufacturer, he adds, is the best protection the public can have.

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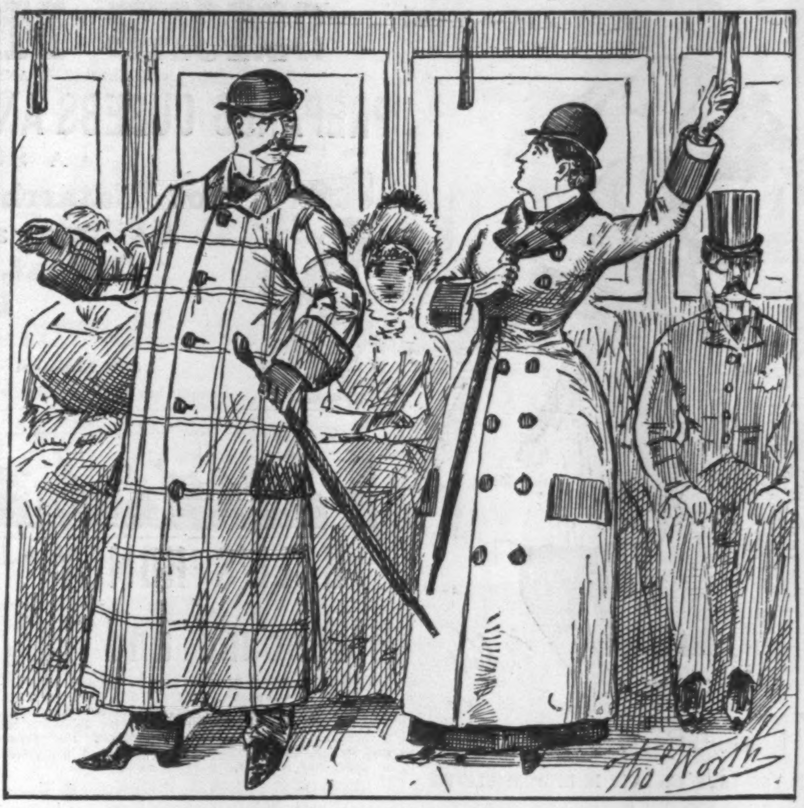

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